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THE NEW BRITISH MINISTER.

It is understood that Lord Napier has been appointed by the English Government its Minister at Washington. The complete re-establishment of amicable relations between the two countries is too important an event to be allowed to pass unnoticed.

Some of our contemporaries on both sides of the water appear to regret the selection of Lord Napier, on the ground of his being a mere diplomatist, versed in the intrigues of courts, familiar with the despotisms of the Old World, etc., etc. We confess that we do not appreciate the force of the objection. Lord Napier has given abundant proof that he is an accomplished person, full of liberal instruction; and we should be disposed to assume that a gentleman who had seen and mingled with the ablest political men of his time in London, Paris, Naples, Vienna, and St. Petersburg—who had seen many nations, and observed many systems of government—who had watched the European convulsions of 1848, and had resided at the court of the successor of Sennacherib and Cambyses, might be a very agreeable and instructive companion, abundantly able to bring to bear upon political questions that social artillery which is often so telling and so effective. But let this pass. Whether Lord Napier be the envoy, or some other individual be selected, we shall know very soon; we shall very soon also see whether the new minister is a mere disciple of red tape and routine, or a man of active and independent mind—whether he is really calculated to give any assistance in the task of preserving friendly relations between the two countries, or whether he is only a creature of etiquette and punctilio, of protocol and conference—a mere diplomatic lay figure.

There is, in fact, a very obvious difficulty in getting from England a diplomatic representative of the precise kind that might be best adapted to the service. England is full of self-made men, of every sort of ability and intellectual accomplishment, who admirably represent the vigor and progress of the nation. Take a man like Mr. Lowe, who was here the other day, who has risen from the humblest beginnings, and is now a member of the Cabinet. Take an eminent lawyer, who began life as a banker's-clerk, and was last year made a Baron of the Exchequer. These men occupy a position precisely similar to that filled here by so many of our eminent citizens, who have by their unaided energies risen from obscurity to prosperity and influence; and it may be said that England could not go amiss in making selections from this class of men to represent her in this country.

The notion is in many respects very acceptable, but there are some objections serious enough to be considered. Gentlemen of the class which we have described, able and active though they may be, do not belong to the *governing class* of England. England, with all her freedom, is still governed by a very small portion of her citizens. In all ordinary times, and in regard to all ordinary matters, her government is still essentially oligarchical; and it may well be questioned whether gentlemen of the class whom we have described would feel themselves strong enough at home to take decided action in difficult emergencies. The men whom we send there are not only the ablest but the strongest men in their respective parties. When they speak, they are pretty sure to command the support of their respective adherents. Would it be so with the few self-made men who occupy a sort of exceptional position in the English government? If not, they are not the men for a place that eminently requires a consciousness of strength.

Again, after all said and done, notwithstanding all our admiration of energy and ability, love of equality and democratic fervor, would *we* be quite satisfied by a representative of the class whom we have named? Should we not be very likely to say, with a toss of the national nose, "Oh, this is all very well! Your Lowes and your Barons are all clever fellows, very nice people; but there's no use in talking about it, they are not your *first* people. We know it. We send you our very tip-top men. Why don't you send us one of your first people? You send them to Paris and St. Petersburg; why don't you send them here?" All which, done into English, may be summed up in the very snobbish, but, alas! very natural question, why don't you send us a Lord?

In the way of this, however, other difficulties stand. It takes two to make a diplomatic appointment as much as to make a bargain. What considerations are there to offer to the grandees of England to induce them to accept a diplomatic station here? What is there to offer to the Ellesmeres, the Sutherlands, the Northumberlands, to prevail on one of them to hire a house in Washington, and to spend three or four years in the District of Columbia. These magnates and their compeers of the British system occupy a position to which there is nothing like on this earth. It is true that they have not the luxury of hanging or beheading their vassals as freely as they did four or five centuries ago, but in the enjoyment of every other attribute and adjunct of authority, legal rank, social station, official influence, pomp, luxury, indulgence, pleasure, in the enjoyment of every thing that wealth and power can give, from their most solid possessions to their absurdest gewgaw and bauble, these men have not their rivals on the face of the earth.

They are quite willing to figure, like Lord Granville, with a hundred *valets a pied*, at the semi-barbaric pageant of a St. Petersburg coronation, or, with the Duke of Northumberland, to see the royal head of Charles the Tenth anointed—to occupy a sort of palace in the Faubourg St. Honoré, or to luxuriate on the banks of the Arno. But what are you to offer men in this position of life to prevail on them to establish themselves and their families for four or five years in Washington? We may tickle ourselves as much as we please, but Washington, Philadelphia, even our own imperial New York are, to use the idiom of the day, "dreadfully slow" places compared with London or Paris, Vienna or Naples. It is not so easy to get the magnates of England to become envoys at Washington. We must content ourselves with receiving the best that can be induced to come. And these best will usually be found among young men, unmarried men, aspiring men, who have their political fortunes to make, and who are yet neither too old nor too conceited to have lost their desire for knowledge. To such men the mission to Washington will always be very desirable.

But, after all, it is of little consequence from what precise social stratum the envoy is selected, in comparison with the feelings that animate him. It is of little moment whether Lord Napier be a lord or a commoner, a self-made man or born with a gold spoon in his mouth, provided he really understands the importance and the dignity of his position. In the present posture of the world we take it that there are no two diplomatic stations, on the whole, so important as that of the American minister at London and of the English minister at Washington.

When Louis XIV. sent the Duke of Anjou to Spain to assume the crown, he said to him, prettily, "The Pyrenees no longer exist!" The day is rapidly approaching when the Atlantic Ocean will be abolished, and the world will cease to be two hemispheres. We still, parrot-like, repeat the words of the immortal *Pater Patriæ*, which command us to shun "entangling alliances;" but it is too obvious that the time will soon be upon us when we shall be drawn, in our own despite, into the vortex of European affairs. Or, rather, they will cease to be European affairs. It will be but one world, and the masters of the world must control it. The old system of non-intervention, which we have wisely practiced so long as we have been feeble, is breaking up in every direction. We send out our squadrons to Japan, and are now actually forcing our way into the Chinese empire. We negotiate with Great Britain about Central America (which we never should have done), and we are establishing our influence in the Sandwich Islands. Steam and electricity have made for us a different world from that which our fathers knew. Our time requires a new diplomacy and a new law of nations. *Autre temps, autres mœurs.*

The new era upon which we are plainly entering will be influenced by nothing more than by the character of the relations which shall exist between this country and England. We are two great powers; the only two in existence that have the elements of supreme naval power. The destinies of the race, the lives, the happiness, the fortunes of untold millions of our children and our children's children depend on the question whether we are to be friends or foes. Our internal as well as external condition, our domestic as well as our foreign relations, may hereafter hang on this issue.

The first element in the preservation of amicable relations between England and this country is a knowledge—a precise and accurate knowledge—of each other's condition, and this mainly depends upon the press of the two countries. Commercial correspondents may write, and polished travelers may carry letters of introduction and exchange the pleasing courtesies of life, but international knowledge can only be created and maintained by the press. It can not be denied that, up to this time, the press of the two countries has fallen far short of its duty in this respect. From the London *Times* to the pettiest organ of our own local press, the papers of the respective countries have teemed with the grossest misstatements and the most absurd libels upon each other's institutions, habits, and manners. They fall foul of our slavery and our democratic vulgarity. We denounce and abuse their feudalism and their pauperism, their aristocratic insolence and social miseries. What good does it all do? The mischievous habit is not yet extirpated. To what can be ascribed so preposterous a publication as the "Arrowsmith Hoax" in the *Times* a few weeks ago? It is a wretched alternative to have to choose between malignant hostility and gross ignorance; yet how else can it be explained? Let us strive to know each other better.

As to our ideas of England, we are still living on the notions generated by two wars and by our knowledge of her as she was fifty years ago. But England is no more like the England of George the Third, or even of George the Fourth, than she is like Turkey or Persia. For the England of the last century, or the beginning of this—with a semi-enslaved press, a fanatical Protestantism, a rotten-borough Parliament, with Ireland trampled down, and dissenters proscribed—it was utterly impossible for this country to have either respect or regard. We agreed about nothing, except to make as much money out of each other as we could.

But the England of to-day is another England. A revolution has begun, and is going on, of infinite interest and importance. The character of the government is wholly changed, or is rapidly changing. The lady who occupies the throne of the Stuarts and the Tudors—sensible and admirable woman as she is—has really little more power than Mrs. Polk or Mrs. Pierce. The suffrage is enlarged, and though the feudal tenure of property still subsists, and a small oligarchy of landowners greatly control the government, they are rapidly sinking to the position of mere trustees for the general benefit of the masses of the nation, while beside them is growing up the great power of the age—Public Opinion—guided, directed, moulded, united, by a press of unsurpassed energy, ability, and freedom. "Let the dead bury their dead." For the Old England of game-laws, rotten boroughs, and Manchester massacres, our indignation still shall flame; but for this *New* England, striving with infinite labor and patience to throw off the burden of the thousand years of war, feudalism, ignorance, and rapine, it is utterly impossible not to feel, as our gallant tar said the other day on the deck of the *Resolute*, "love, respect, and admiration."

On the other hand, England has quite as many follies to correct, and quite as many slanders to atone for in regard to this country. If she desires peace with us—truly cordial and fraternal relations—she must, in regard to this country, wipe out most of her old ideas, and get a new stock as fast as possible. She must drop at once all airs of stately superiority, and recognize us frankly as her equals in every thing that marks national power and influence. She must cease to arrogate for herself any superiority, moral, political, or intellectual. She must cease to tutor us about the subject of slavery, and learn to believe that we understand the matter far better than she does, and that we will be able to cope with our own difficulties as she hopes to be with her own almost equally ignorant and far more depraved population. We both inhabit glass houses, and neither should throw stones. While pressing with remorseless vigor her superiority in the East, she must cease to harangue us on the enormity of the same process going on, only in a less official way, on this side of the water. She must come to see and to believe that, sooner or later, under one form of government or another, this American race is destined to possess and to civilize, to improve and to control all of this continent that is worth the having. She must look at us, and treat with us—talk to us, and deal with us, as the great Free Power of the world—as the Power which, on this side of the ocean as she does on the other, upholds, with, it is true, sad exceptions and inconsistencies fatally attached to our common nature, but upon the whole, steadily and truly, the great principles of Christianity—liberty, equality, and humanity.

Let it be the task of the press of the two countries to create and to maintain these feelings. If it rightly understands its vocation it can do more than diplomatists, more than statesmen, more than Parliaments and Congresses, to foster and preserve a spirit of good-will between us. Then, and not till then, will the alliance between the two nations be a true fraternity. Then, and not till then, in the clever language of a dinner orator the other day, will John Bull and Jonathan be really prepared, "one advancing East and the other West, to shake hands upon the wall of China."

VARIETY—THE SPICE OF LIFE.

There have been martyrs to religion hugging the stake in the earnestness of their faith, and warming in devotion amidst the blaze of the fire and fagot; there have been martyrs to liberty shouting for freedom under the gallows, and defying tyranny while expiring in its clutches; there have been martyrs to science, but of these History, whose walks are only on the broad ways of the world, having seen nothing, has nothing to say. Yet the physician, who, to test the contagion of yellow fever, supped on the black vomit of a dying patient, surely deserves a passing notice; and she (the undaunted Lady Wortley Montagu) who, to establish a medical fact, inoculated herself with the poison of a virulent disorder, and he who, to prove the efficacy of a drug, coolly invited the approaches of a malignant disease, and countless others who have risked life and sacrificed it for the sake of science—they all deserve a passing notice; yea, more, as as they have won, they should receive the crown of martyrdom. Even the humble Stark, though, like a mouse in a trap, he was a victim to cheese, claims a record.

Dr. Stark was a Scotch philosopher, much given to physiological experiment. He accordingly devoted himself for years to testing upon his own body the comparative nutritious qualities of various articles of diet. He began, while sound in wind, limb, and stomach, with beef, and living exclusively upon that substantial diet for a whole month, found at the end that he had lost something—we forget how much in pounds or ounces—in weight. He then—taking care between each interval to feed himself up by an ordinary mixed diet to his original standard of health—went successively through a personal monthly experience of mutton, veal, chicken, corned beef, calf's-head, cow-heel, bread, potatoes, turnips, carrots, cabbage, and pudding, until he reached cheese. Starting sound and well, he began his month's work with spirit upon this latter article, but had not proceeded far when he discovered that he was declining in flesh with unusual rapidity. With the pertinacity, however, of a martyr he stuck to his cheese, but somehow or other the cheese did not stick to him, and he wasted away more and more, and grew weaker and weaker, until he finally died, having lived (?) just twenty-nine days, twenty-three hours, fifty-nine minutes, and fifty-eight seconds upon an exclusively caseous diet.

We have already done honor to Stark by recording his name among the martyrs. Our purpose now is to draw a moral from his story. It is this: Food, to be wholesome, must be varied.

Man can not live by bread alone, nor, in fact, by flesh, fish, or fowl. Although life can be supported for a long time on a single article of diet, there can not be soundness of health and robustness of vigor without great variety. There have been certain crazy enthusiasts who, ignorant of, or perversely blind to, the natural instincts of man, and the anatomical fact that the human system combines in its structure the organization of a carnivorous as well as of a graminivorous animal, have insisted upon our living exclusively upon vegetable food. This error, absurd and ruinous as it is, gained such sway at one time that a journal boasting itself to be a leader of public opinion openly advocated it. Vegetarianism, as it has been affectedly termed, extending its baleful influence over a wide portion of the less enlightened districts of our country, was thus sustained with considerable effort, the vigor of which we can only account for from the reported fact that the personal effect of the honest fanaticism of the chief editor of the journal alluded to was mitigated by a surreptitious mixture of beef soup with his dilute tea, while his less scrupulous subordinates, with their usual facility of conscience, *said* one thing and *did* another.

Not only does the physical vigor suffer from an exclusively vegetable diet, but the intellect becomes weakened, the perception dulled, and the judgment so far perverted as to be at the sport of the wildest delusions and the most ridiculous *isms.* The physical effect is no less startling and curious. The hair grows lank and white; the face turns pale, with an apparent innocent and sheep-like aspect; the head falls; the body bends, the arms and legs become slouchy; and the whole man assumes a kind of *quadrupedal* appearance, with an evident tendency to grass.

The philosophers tell us that food, to be nutritious, requires the presence of these four elements: water, oil, sugar, and albumen. Nature, however, anticipates philosophy, and provides exactly those essentials to life in the milk which it beneficently exudes from its well-filled udders into the absorbent mouth of the sucking calf of animal existence. It has, however, been found that the grown-up animal requires something more than water, oil, sugar, and albumen for perfect health. There are various acids, organic and inorganic, and mineral elements, which are essential to a sound condition of body, and for the supply of which we must look chiefly to the food. Moreover, experiment proves that certain articles of diet possess elements not very well understood by the chemists, which must be essential to life, as without them it can not be supported. For example, there is osmazome, a not very well-defined principle, which is found in beef but not in veal. In fruits, too, there are acids necessary to a wholesome condition of body, which are not always present in vegetables.

The educated instincts of man seem to have anticipated the wisdom of philosophy, and to have supplied, in the varying diet of a good table—the soup, the fish, the three courses and a dessert, uniform in order but ever changing in kind—the essentials to health and existence. We thus have that variety which is not only the spice but the necessity of life.

JUSTICE TO THE RICH.

THE abuse of wealth is too often confounded with its use. The vulgar display, the bloated importance, and the sensual indulgence, are the vices of wealth. It has, however, its virtues; and these are not only the ornaments but the absolute necessities of civilization. The right of property, based upon the natural instincts of man, and confirmed by law as the great foundation of society, naturally leads to a desire for accumulation. The variety of result—which bestows upon one man millions, gives competence to another, and spares but a bare subsistence to a third—comes from a natural difference of faculty, diversity of occasion, or the fluctuations of fortune.

With us, in the majority of instances, wealth is a proof of the superior capacity, industry, and economy of its possessor. It is the prize fairly won in the race of life, and the successful competitor is fully entitled to the glory and the fruition. It is, however, an error to imagine that, though victor, the rich man has the exclusive enjoyment of his triumph. No one can increase his own riches, by legitimate means, without adding to the wealth of others. The merchant by his enterprise, the manufacturer by his skill, and the farmer by his industry, are not only making themselves richer, but all of us better off. By the increased activity of the skillful producer in every department of honest industry, productions of all kinds become better and cheaper, and our means of happiness are proportionately enlarged. If we can not make a fortune for ourselves, there is some consolation in the consciousness that, inasmuch as we all participate in its benefits, others are making a fortune for us. Trade, though selfish in motive, is beneficent in action. Let us not, then, forget that the accumulative man, though not disinterested, is still a benefactor, and that, if it were not for his eagerness to fill his pockets, the stomachs of some of us might go empty. Wealth, if not always the fruition, is the necessary provocative of industry. Some suffer from starvation for want of food, but all would die without appetite for it; so, with the universal desire for riches many are poor, but without it there would be an end to the existence of civilized society.

The rich man, however selfish, can not have the exclusive enjoyment of his wealth, unless, like the miser, he shuts himself up with his gold, and takes his solitary pleasure in counting it piece by piece, or running his fingers through the heap, that his avarice may gloat over the glitter, or be charmed by the tinkling sound. This, however, is not enjoyment, and as avarice defeats itself by hoarding, it has grown too wise, in these days of *cent. per cent.*, to indulge in such folly. The rich men either spend their money or employ it as capital. If they do the former, they merely exchange value for value, consuming what they receive, but encouraging production by their expenditure. There is still loss here, but some gain to the world. If the rich invest their money, it becomes capital, and, together with skill and labor, it is constantly adding to the general wealth. This is the best disposition of riches, if we regard only their material uses. Moreover, when we reflect how rarely benevolence is judiciously exercised, there may be some reason for congratulation that the rich are so often guided by self-interest, and leave the disposition of their wealth to be regulated by the laws of trade, and not by the impulses of a capricious generosity. In the one case, the material interests of the community are unquestionably benefited, in the other, they would be as certainly sacrificed, without, perhaps, any moral compensation, if not with a positively demoralizing effect. If, therefore, the rich are not selling all they have and giving it away, it must not be supposed that their wealth is necessarily useless to the world. In fact, they are probably doing the best, not only for themselves but for others, in following their natural instincts, by making more out of their much. To spend money judiciously, requires not only a generous heart but a wise head; to increase it, all that is requisite is a prudent self-love. Nine out of ten will be sure to have the latter; while the tenth, if he has a liberal soul, will probably be possessed of a narrow intellect. Among the rich, the careful men are the many, the foolishly prodigal the few, and the judiciously generous the fewest.

That wealth has its duties beyond shaving notes and otherwise adding to its heap, there can be no doubt. There is the encouragement by example, and positive acts of generosity of the various religious, moral, and social influences. It would be well that some noble exemplars, who are the pride of our race, should be more generally followed by the wealthy. More temples of religion, schools of learning, and academies of art might not directly increase our wealth, but would certainly improve our morals, minds, and manners, and indirectly serve our material prosperity. In the mere selfish enjoyment of personal expenditure, too, a more refined use of wealth would elevate the tone of society, and give, by example, purity to the general taste; while now the sensual indulgence of the rich only excites vulgar emulation and gross desires.

Not only does the power belong to, as it is the duty of, wealth to exalt, by refined example, the taste of society, and to promote its good by generous largess, but it alone commands, in its freedom from the drudgery of life, the leisure for the cultivation of those nobler influences of art and literature to which every country must be beholden for its higher civilization. Though examples are not wanting where genius has triumphed over the obstacles of poverty, it is but fair to acknowledge the obligation to wealth, not only for liberal patronage, but for the direct production of some of the greatest and most enduring monuments of mind. We need not call to the memory the examples, in a past age and distant country, of the opulent Sallust, Seneca, Montaigne, Bacon, Shaftesbury, Chesterfield, Buffon, Gibbon, and others. Our country, though it may pride itself justly on its self-made men, such as Franklin, is at this moment chiefly indebted for its literature to those who, if not millionaires, may be called wealthy, as they are in the enjoyment of that superiority of means, which, while it relieves them from the bitter constraint of compulsory occupation, opens to them the freedom of more congenial pursuits. Our historians, of whom we are so proud, and whose successes have vindicated our country, by a reverential record of the past, from the charge of a selfish absorption in the material present, are all men of means. Although such works may now be profitable, it may well be questioned whether those histories of our own country, of Mexico, of Spain, and of the Dutch Republic, which so greatly adorn our literature, could ever have been written had not their authors a more certain and immediate pecuniary reliance than in the remote and doubtful "promises to pay" of the public. Much of our poetry, too, invokes its best inspiration in no imaginative "marble halls," but in substantial quarters, surrounded by all the appliances not only of comfort but of luxurious wealth.

Riches, then, have their virtues as well as their vices, and are not only universally desired but desirable. Let the few who have them in abundance spend them judiciously; and let all who seek them, and do not satisfy the fullness of their desire, be contented with the reflection that though they have not made a fortune themselves, no one can deprive them of the enjoyment of that made by others.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY IN NEW YORK.

THE descendants of "Paul Clifford" have not kept pace with the refinements and luxury of the age. Their polite ancestor bowed at the side of a carriage with true Parisian grace, and pointed his pistol in a spirit of apologetic courtesy. But the highwaymen of New York city are metropolitan Thugs, and strangle without warning or mercy; and every movement they make savors of gross brutality.

For the few weeks that opened the year a panic seized upon all nervous citizens of the metropolis, quite equal to that felt of old by the pedestrians of Hounslow Heath or the travelers in the Lower Alps. The daily returns of Police Districts mentioned cases of sudden attacks upon the person, attended with loss of property, which, for address and desperation, exceed any thing one may read of in the quaint lettering and vignettes of the original Newgate Calendar. One night it was the rich merchant despoiled of his diamonds in a frequented avenue—the next night it was the poor clerk dragged into a cellar and robbed of loose pocket-change. One party was enveloped suddenly in a box and stifled; another was seized by the neck as if by the relentless hand of apoplexy. And in all the instances, the spoliation of property and the escape of the robbers followed the violence so directly that pursuit and the police were alike ineffectual. It would seem as if the "garroters," as the facile reporters dubbed the plunderers, took fresh impulse and courage from the remarks of the daily press bewailing the prevailing audacity and the inertness of the police; and profound civic observers wondered not that the robberies were so many, but that, in view of the length of beat or patrol given to each policeman, they were so few!

But the check was given by a prompt administration of law to a desperate offender, who was in state prison, under sentence for life, before his crime was sixty hours old. As the case presented an assemblage of circumstances more singular than have recently entered into testimony, its history will be found interesting and instructive.

In the upper part of Second Avenue, within gunshot of the New Haven and Harlem railroad tunnels, is a low groggery and oyster-house, which, according to the evidence, was permitted to be kept open until nearly three o'clock in the morning. In the vicinity lived an honest Hibernian, who had gone, in the dead of night, after a priest to come and christen his dying child. The night was very cold, and as he passed the open groggery it was no wonder that, notwithstanding the solemnity of his errand, he was tempted in "for a drop." But unfortunately for him two desperadoes, who had often been introduced to the Penitentiary ball and chain, were also in the bar-room ready for a criminal adventure. They compelled him to "treat," and as he left for home followed him. When the distance of half a square from the groggery he suddenly felt a throttle, and was felled to the ground, while hands rapidly glided over his person in search of money or valuables. He made as loud outcry as the state of his voice would allow, and straightway two policemen came up. They found his neck frightfully compressed, and suffering from the sudden violence, and conducted him home. Let alone your well-trained policeman for being a human blood-hound! They returned to the place of scuffle for observation. There had been a fall of snow to the depth of two inches during the night, and it was yet untracked by pedestrians or vehicles. Carefully they followed the trail away from the scuffle back to the groggery. The trail was of three men, and three men only, to the place of attack. From thence it was of two men. It ran to the next corner, turned it, and continued on the avenue parallel to the one in which the attack commenced. There was no other trail but this, and the chain of circumstances was so far perfect in the respect of flight. Closely scanning the trail by the side of a gas-lamp, the eagle-eyed policemen discovered *that there was a bulge of the right boot of one of the men whose track they were on.* The trail, after a short distance, stopped in front of a house. Entering this, the policemen went to the rear, and in the yard found the same trail resumed. It crossed to a fence, was resumed in an open lot, led to the street, emerged into the open avenue, and pointed toward two persons flying in the distance—dark moving objects over the snow—who were hotly pursued and captured. They were identified by the bar-keeper to be the two men who followed the "honest Hibernian" from the place. On being interrogated, they insisted they had started to see him home, but had innocently parted company. *But the tracks told the falsity of this; and there were no others to be found!* And the policemen observed one of the prisoners throw something from him. Search was made, and an old pocket-knife found, which the "victim" first perfectly described, and then clearly identified. It was a knife he had exchanged in Canada many years before with a favorite brother (a practice of mementoship among sailors it appeared), and which he consequently prized. The officers observed that the boot of one prisoner was badly torn at the side, *forming a spread of the leather perfectly tallying with the mark in the snow!*

The man who was attacked was unable to swear that these were the persons who robbed him (and he lost but some trifling change and the knife referred to—small stake for a man to put his life against!), and thus the evidence was purely circumstantial. But how strong! The *three* tracks and none others to the scuffle; *two* tracks, and only two to be seen far and wide, directly traced to the place of capture; the match of the torn boot with the spread in the snow-track; the dropping of the knife, entirely precluded all rational doubt of guilt.

When sentenced for life the hardened robber ironically thanked the Judge, and left the bar with a grin upon his hideous face. But the sentence sent a thrill to every honest heart in the court-room who appreciated its extent and consequences; and no doubt the "garroter" in the dram-shop, taking his mug of ale or his heel-tap of rum, pondered over a chain of evidence which perhaps before long might be cast around him.

THE MAN ABOUT TOWN.

OVERTURE.

IF there is any thing more than another that I have a profound contempt for, it is a winter that does not know its own mind. In an effete country like Europe (I quote from the daily press) one naturally expects a lack of force and determination in every department. The ridiculous abortion of a Parisian winter never surprised me (although when the thermometer was as low as forty, the Boulevard des Italiens was thrown into a state of torpor), for in a land of threadbare aristocracy one expects even the seasons to be emasculate. The winter in London is an abominable sham. It is the winter of a confectioner rather than the work of the savage Polar king. The Serpentine gets up a sheet of ice of genteel thinness for a couple of days, on which adventurous Cockneys display their skates until they are pulled out half-drowned by the Humane Society. This sort of winter may do very well for countries where tradition is respected; people bolster up the short-comings of the frost by a reverence for the memory of the great winter of seventeen hundred and something, when all the stage-coaches were snowed up. But that Winter should attempt to play any tricks in a young, great, free country like this, displays a want of sense on his part that I am surprised at. We have the biggest rivers, the biggest trees, and the biggest lakes in the world. We surely are entitled to the biggest winters. We don't get them. Winter of late years has taken to making himself comfortable, and is no colder than he can help. He comes to us in dressing-gown and slippers. He makes a little exertion now and then, and snows for a few hours, just to keep himself before the public; but the effort is feeble and short-lived, and enthusiastic young men purchase sleighs only to sell them again. The winter of the present year has been, as far as it has gone, a wretched failure. Huge sleigh-omnibuses have been grinding over the muddy pavements of the city with most lachrymose attempts to keep up a winter carnival. Parties determined to be merry have been sleighing out to Woodlawn in squadrons, wrapped in unnecessary furs, and drinking uncalled-for tumblers of mulled port. Dimes, who has lately returned from the Crimea, bringing with him, among various other relics, a huge coat of sable fur, for which he paid six hundred dollars, has been sweltering in this expensive garment in honor of the season. Winter, I regret to say, has declined to support him in the most ungentlemanly manner, and Dimes has been forced to lay up his coat with bags of camphor in the sleeves.

A CALICO CRIMINAL.

Moral insanity appears to be epidemic. It has been caught by the female portion of the metropolis, and although their position as non-business members of the community unhappily prevents their "making paper," they indemnify themselves by experimenting in other branches.

A lady of high respectability, living in one of those streets which in this city are appropriated by the equestrian or aristocratic orders, has long been distinguished for an admirable philanthropic consideration for her less favored fellow-creatures. She was the manageress of various excellent institutions, all having for their object the relief of legitimate distress. Her name was at the head and tail of all charities, and last season, during the rage for calico balls, she distinguished herself by combining canvas-back suppers with charity. Clergymen eulogized her. Even "young New York" respected her, and at her parties did not get drunk before supper. "The charitable Mrs. X——," was a password at the door of every benevolent institution in the city.

This year Mrs. X——, no doubt with the intention of improving on the rather worn-out idea of the "calico ball," suggested a new form of that benevolent *divertissement* in the shape of a "Brocade Ball," or, as young New York sac-

rilegiously called it, a "Heavy-swell Hop." At this entertainment the programme of the calico ball was reversed. Instead of the ladies coming in cheap dresses, to be afterward removed for the benefit of the poor, and the evening terminating *en grande tenue*, the female portion of the guests were expected to come attired in their very best, and at twelve o'clock retire to the dressing-rooms, where they were to doff all their silks, brocades, and jewelry, and assume some very inexpensive attire provided beforehand. The cast-off attire was to be sold for the benefit of a benevolent institution which Mrs. X—— was about starting, and so realize a much more considerable sum than even the most liberal of calico balls.

The idea met with approbation. Mrs. X——'s rooms were crowded. Ladies who had credit at Stewart's and Tiffany's vied with each other in brocades and ornaments. One lady wore a set of sapphires valued at a thousand dollars. Charity, winged with vanity, soared to the seventh heaven of benevolence. But, alas for human nature! when a week or so had passed, and the excitement of being fashionably merciful had subsided, whispers began to be heard. One lady heard from a maid-servant, whom Mrs. X—— had discharged, that that lady was in considerable pecuniary difficulties. Another traced a splendid *moire antique* dress which she had worn on that occasion, to a *costumier's* in Broome Street; and a jeweller was accidentally discovered, who stated that Mrs. X—— had offered him a set of sapphires in part payment of her bill. Charity's wings, like those of Icarus, suddenly melted, and the poor benevolent angel tumbled into the lowest gulf of fashionable contempt. Mrs. X—— has retired since then from active charity, and it is supposed that Fifth Avenue will, for the future, refrain from giving its alms by deputy.

SPARROWGRASS OUT OF SEASON.

Frederick S. Cozzens, the author of the "Sparrowgrass Papers"—a charming series of Essays that will live as long as binding will hold them together—delivered a lecture at Clinton Hall, on Tuesday, the 27th of last month, on "Wit and Humor." I regret that Mr. Sparrowgrass should have chosen so difficult a subject. It were easier to discover the central planet than to define the subtle distinction between these intellectual qualities. Besides, Mr. Sparrowgrass scarcely possesses sufficient analytical power to dissect such a topic. His lecture was graceful and unconvincing. He disturbed nothing—but he settled nothing. One epigram I remember, which deserves to be quoted. It was relative to Dr. Johnson, that lexicographical loyalist—that bear that was any day glad to dance before a king!

Mr. Cozzens said (I quote from memory) in a fine strain of irony, alluding to Johnson's adoration of monarchism, "Johnson, when quite a boy, was brought to London to be touched by the King, for scrofula, with which he was affected. *He never completely recovered from the disease or the touch.*"

"THE LAP OF EARTH."

Mr. Bayard Taylor has just departed from Stockholm to spend the winter in Lapland. The avowed object of his journey is, I understand, to settle the question as to whether shoemakers' lap-stones really come from Lapland. I feel assured that my gifted friend will not only set the question forever at rest, but furnish us with another delightful book of travels. I trust, however, that his fine, manly style will not by any residence among the Finns become finical.

THE GRAMERCY PARK MYSTERY.

If I dared I would place in inverted commas at the head of this paragraph the well-worn adage about truth being stranger than fiction; but I refrain, from motives of generosity toward a confiding public. As I have already touched on the subject of female swindling, I will relate another anecdote the correctness of which I will positively vouch for. I look upon the female as possessing a much greater aptness for the finer branches of the art of swindling than the male. If her physical organization permitted her to use the "jimmy" and the "centre-bit" she would conduct a burglary with much more neatness and artistic finish than a lord of the creation. Her mind is essentially stratagetic. Even in everyday life we notice that she conducts the commonest domestic affairs with all the arts of war. She approaches the marital fortress relative to a desired ball with all the care and skill of a military engineer. She opens trenches, advances by zigzags, mines, counter-mines, and suddenly storms the strong-hold at the precise moment when it is most unprepared for an attack. A new dress is carried by assault; and even when she capitulates she invariably contrives to obtain the best terms, and evacuates with all the honors of war.

But to leave philosophy and stick to fact:

Toward the end of last autumn, Gramercy Park—which, as every one knows, is one of the most charming localities in the city—has been oppressed with a mystery which no one could fathom. The most daring and inexplicable robberies were constantly taking place. Consternation reigned in the servants'-hall. Rings, spoons, brooches, shawl-pins, in short every species of valuable, were being daily missed from a number of the houses in the Park. No one could tell how they went. Married ladies mourned over their diamonds. Demoiselles wept for lost pledges of affection. The services of a distinguished detective were called in. He watched, examined, catechised the servants, and put on spectacles and false whiskers, but all to no purpose. Intelligence-offices reaped a harvest, for every body was discharging their servants and getting new ones. One wealthy family had suffered such severe losses that they had almost come to the resolution of doing their own chores. Gramercy Park—usually so tranquil—was in a high state of fever. The very sidewalks would have baked Connecticut pies.

One of the severest sufferers among the many victims was Mrs. Y——, a lady who inhabited one of the handsomest houses in the Park, and who was rather distinguished in society from the fact of her being always accompanied in her carriage by a very beautiful and intelligent monkey. Other people carried lap-dogs—she carried a monkey; and, as to be uncommon is, in nine cases out of ten, to be famous, she had an unblemished reputation for eccentricity. Her distinction did not, however, preserve her from the general calamity. She related, with tears in her eyes, the story of the loss of some family jewels of inestimable value which were stolen from her bedroom. She had the police on the track, but no clew could be obtained to the criminal. The mystery increased in intensity. Barrington and Jack Sheppard faded into insignificance before the ingenuity of this unknown burglar.

Among the residents in Gramercy Park is a Mr. B——; a middle-aged gentleman, who having had a long career of success in business, committed some time since the unpardonable folly of marrying a young and pretty wife. As a matter of course, he was jealous. When a man who has gathered all his experiences, up to the age when experience ceases to be gathered, as a bachelor, he usually lays it, as a sort of holocaust, on the altar when he marries, and Hymen with his torch soon renders it a complete burnt-offering. Mr. B——, therefore, being no longer a sensible man, suspected Mrs. B——; and, as Dimes very justly observed the other day, "the man who suspects his wife, converts the sacred gold of the wedding-ring into Mosaic metal." Dimes, you will perceive, is sometimes metaphorical.

Well, Mr. B—— enters, one fine evening when the windows are open to catch the last sigh of the dying autumn, the apartment sacred to Mrs. B——. Horror! he beholds the dimly-seen figure of a man leap through the open window, and descend by some means unknown to him into the street. He rushes to the casement, but the fiend in human shape has fled. Fortunately, however, he finds that his wife is not there. The next morning, Mrs. B—— complains of having missed a diamond ring from her room. The servants'-hall is in a turmoil and investigations are instituted. But Mr. B—— grinds his teeth, and smiles sardonically, for *he* well knows that this is all a blind, to cover the fact of his wife having given said ring to her lover. He lays his plans. The next night, revolver in hand, he watches in his bedroom. The —— comes not. But B—— is patient. He watches the next night with the same result. On the third night, as the chamber is wrapped in the dusk of twilight, a form appears climbing through the window. B——'s heart almost ceases to beat. He waits. The shape enters; it is that of a very small man, almost a boy. B—— raises his revolver, and taking a deliberate aim, fires. The intruder staggers, gives one dull moan, and leaping to the window, escapes by the same mysterious means as before. But B—— is not to be baffled. Quick as lightning he rushes down stairs into the street, and is just in time to see a dwarfish form flitting along the railings next the Park. He follows. The shape reels along as if mortally wounded, and after a brief chase enters a window on the ground floor of Mrs. Y——'s house. B——, whose curiosity by this time has almost stifled his jealousy, follows. Still led by the dwarfish form, he finds himself on the second story, and beholds his involuntary guide enter a room illuminated by a subdued light. He peeps through the half-open door, and beholds a spectacle that transfixes him with astonishment. Mrs. Y—— is bending over the form of her pet monkey, who presses one hand on his breast, from which drops of blood ooze through his fingers. He moans dolefully, and his mistress seems in the greatest distress. At last, by a supreme effort, the wounded animal drags himself across the carpet to a Japanese casket, opens the lid, and drops into it something that flashes in the lamp-light, and then with its great eyes fixed on its mistress with one long look of affection, expires. B—— can no longer contain himself. He bursts into the room, and at his appearance Mrs. Y—— turns pale as death. By an irresistible impulse, B—— approaches the Japanese casket, and there, almost on the top of a heap of every species of bijouterie, he beholds his wife's lost ring!

An explanation is scarcely needed. Mrs. Y——, it seems, had, by continually placing valuable articles in this casket, in the presence of her monkey, so far cultivated his imitative faculty as to induce him to appropriate every thing of a similar nature that he saw, and conceal it in the same place. Accordingly, the lady was accustomed to turn her pet loose in the summer evenings when the windows of the neighboring houses were open, and after a short absence he invariably returned laden with precious things which were always deposited in the Japanese casket.

So the mystery was solved. Jocko lost his life. B—— was cured of his jealousy. Mrs. Y—— returned the spoil which she had accumulated under an attack of moral insanity. The detective officer took off his false whiskers, and the servant's-hall resumed its tranquillity. Could any comedy that was not true end more satisfactorily than this anecdote, which is?

THE BIRTH OF COMMONWEALTHS.

ON Saturday last, at an early hour of the afternoon, our good old mother America was safely delivered of two more children, twins, and fine lusty infants. The one is named MINNESOTA, the other OREGON: both are doing as well as can be expected. Their mother, it need hardly be added, feels none the worse. With her experience, the sensation is rather pleasant than otherwise.

To be serious, the business which was transacted quietly and expeditiously in the House of Representatives on Saturday possesses vast historical importance. In passing the bills for the admission of Oregon—with 56,000 square miles of territory, and 90,000 inhabitants—and Minnesota—with 70,000 sq. miles, and 175,000 inhabitants—as sovereign States of the Union, members of Congress added a most valuable page to the world's annals. In all human probability, men now living will see Oregon as populous a State as any now in the Union; indeed, should the Asiatic countries on the Pacific be opened up, it may take the lead of all its sisters. In respect of natural advantages it is unsurpassed. And Minnesota, though less obviously pregnant with future wealth and importance, will likewise loom up one of these days as large as the great States which, like her, have been carved out of the Northwestern Territory.

We may let our friends over the water have as many wars and conferences as they please, so long as we can mark our national progress with such milestones as the peaceable, unobtrusive creation of great, free, independent commonwealths.

WHAT ARE WE TO DO FOR SUGAR?

A FALLING off in the sugar crop in Louisiana of two-thirds—a continued abandonment of sugar estates in the British West Indies—the unproductiveness of the Central American regions, in consequence of political troubles, and the largely increased prosperity of the world of consumers, have led to a rise of nearly one hundred per cent. in the price of one of the most valued necessaries of life. Nor is there the least prospect, in the opinion of those best qualified to judge, that this enormous rise will be followed by a corresponding fall for years to come.

The necessity will stimulate renewed attention to our Northern sugar—the maple. It is already more largely grown than is suspected. New York and Vermont are larger sugar producers than Louisiana. Canada makes seven pounds of sugar for every four that she imports. Scientific skill, applied perseveringly to our backwoods article, may enable it to supersede the produce of the cane.

But still higher expectations are formed from the experiments which have been made with the *sorghum*, or Chinese sugar-cane. It has been grown successfully in thirteen States, from Vermont to Louisiana, from Georgia to Minnesota. It possesses marked advantages over the common sugar-cane, in ripening three months sooner, in growing readily from seed, and in opposing but little obstacle to the extraction of the saccharine matter. A careful agricultural chemist estimates that, with proper cultivation, it will yield 1000 to 2000 pounds of sugar to the acre; and another has himself obtained 168 gallons of sirup to the acre.

We advise farmers who want to make money to give a little thought to this *sorghum*, and also to the maple. There is a fine fortune for the man who shall supply our breakfast-tables with a pleasant, wholesome article of Northern growth.

CHAT.

SOCIETY AND THE STAGE.

"WHY, she is not as timid as might have been expected!" says one; "Timid?" replies another coarse fellow; "she's as bold as a highwayman's horse." At the *début* the other night at the Academy of Music, there was a large crowd of anxious spectators gathered evidently with an eager expectation of a scene, a fainting fit, or some catastrophe or other. There was Fashion sated with scandal sharpening its jaded appetite—like the *blasé* English milord, hopeful of the last fatal plunge of the showman's head into the lion's mouth—over a delightful anticipation of a supper full with horrors. Criticism, too, was there sharpening its poniard, and with its cruel instincts all alive to find the mortal spot and give the fatal stab. But the *début* was a success. Fashion, cheated of its expected sensation, returns to its cold proprieties, and the gall of the critics becomes all molasses and water. Madame de Wilhorst is crowned the Prima Donna of the day by the editors of the three daily journals who do the exclusive advertising of the Opera, and therefore are kept in a state of lively consciousness of Monsieur Strakosch's successes.

The new *débutante* steps almost directly (for heretofore she has appeared merely in the concert hall) from the drawing-room of society to the stage, from beneath the wax candles to the foot-lights. You poise your lorgnette and scan the face for a blush, you watch the delicate figure with your heart palpitating in sympathetic anticipation of the expected tremor. There is "the bashful look, the rising breast," and the—alarms? No: the bright but not transient color is the theatrical stain; the heaving chest, the agitated frame come from the excitement of triumph, and the burst of the full-toned voice, swelling the gorge, filling the great theatre, and echoing in the ears of the thousands of staring, listening spectators.

Well, after all, fashionable society is no bad preparative for the stage. In fact, its leaders are so many managers who may be said to get up private theatricals, which only differ from those of the Academy of Music and the Broadway playhouses by a little less publicity. Ballets are danced equally in both, farces played, and tragedies enacted too. There are similar accessories of costume, paint, tinsel, masks, sham contrivances, and gaudy scenery. There are false jewels and artificial characters, spoken words and silent hearts, laughing faces and sad thoughts; there are light feet and heavy consciences.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.

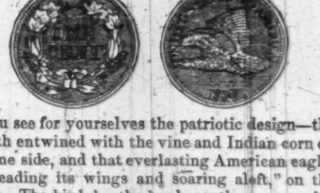
With a recollection still fresh of Grisi, Lind, Alboni, and La Grange, we care not to test the professional performance of Madame de Wilhorst by any of these recognized standards of operatic excellence. The impression of the new *débutante* upon some of the critics must have been, if not very inspiring, certainly very intoxicating, if we can judge by the effect produced upon the intelligence of a daily journal from the following muddled effusion:

Madame Wilhorst's voice, although apparently thin and afflicted with a slight tremolo, is capable of resisting the wear and tear of *rôle*.

There is nothing, by-the-by, so absurd as the art-criticisms of our daily journals. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred their affected technicalities are no less unintelligible to the general reader than they are ridiculous to the scientific. Plain English and common sense are preferable any day to a broken polyglot gibberish, which is as much Greek to a Roman or any one else as Mrs. Plornish's "all but Italian" was to Signor Cavaletto.

NOT A RED CENT.

We give you, out of the abundance of the liberal resources of our establishment, a "counterfeit presentment" of the new cent.



You see for yourselves the patriotic design—the wreath entwined with the vine and Indian corn on the one side, and that everlasting American eagle, "spreading its wings and soaring aloft," on the other. The bird, by-the-by, has rather an anserine than an aquiline look, and is said to be the same as once was set loose upon golden wings in a previous issue of half-eagles, but having been again caged, in consequence of its barn-yard fowl appearance, is now to be turned adrift for a humbler flight.

The cut gives an exact representation of the size, with the exception of the thickness, which is about equal to that of two half-eagles put together. The composition is of copper and nickel. As the former metal has become dearer, from the fact of its supply not having kept up with the manufacturing demand for it, the Government gains by the alloy, as, although the nickel is comparatively dear, the quantity used of the mixed metal is smaller. The intrinsic value at one time of the single copper cent was only 1-50th part of the dollar; now, with the heightened value of copper, it has risen to nearly 1-86th. The new cent only costs 1-65th part of the dollar.

Provided the act of Congress, which establishes the new cent, becomes a law, which it has not as yet, we think the public will be a gainer by the new coin. Its smaller size makes it much more convenient for handling, and less burdensome for transportation, while the neater look and the freedom from the *brassy* odor, renders it much more acceptable to fastidious delicacy. Ladies may now venture to touch with their ungloved fingers small change without being, like Lady Macbeth, unable to wash out with Cologne, or any other toilet detersive, the "damned spot" of a base contamination.

There is a great deal that is interesting in the history of the old American cent, which we would like to have eliminated. Will our "Notes and Queries" tell us something about the old Washington Penny, for which eager collectors are willing, it is said, to pay for in weight of gold? Let us know something, also, about the whereabouts of these rarities. Franklin, as well as Washington, we believe, has honored the penny with his name. What was his design? Is it a fact, that at one time, our cents—eagle, stars, and all—were manufactured in Great Britain, at the celebrated Soho Works of Birmingham, belonging to Bolton and the great Watt, and imported in the gross by our hardware merchants, and sold at large profits to small dealers for their own purposes?

We will lose an American proverb, now widely circulated, by the issue of the new coin. "He's not worth a *red* cent" will be of such general application that it will not have any specific meaning, and will be of course dropped, for the new cent is not red, being of a gray, silvery aspect.

NOTHING TO WEAR.

AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.

Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,
And her father assures me, each time she was there,
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris,
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,
But plain Mrs. H., without romance or mystery)
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,
In one continuous round of shopping;
Shopping alone, and shopping together,
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather;
For all manner of things that a woman can put
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,
In front or behind, above or below:
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;
Dresses for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;
All of them different in color and pattern,
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,
Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,
Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;
In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,
Or milliner, *modiste*, or tradesman be bought of,
From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills;
In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,
While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,
They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer Arago
Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,
Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,
Sufficient to fill the largest sized chest,
Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,
But for which the ladies themselves manifested
Such particular interest, that they invested
Their own proper persons in layers and rows
Of muslins, embroideries, worked under-clothes,
Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;
Then, wrapped in great shawls, like Circassian beauties,
Gave *good-by* to the ship, and *go-by* to the duties.
Her relations at home all marveled no doubt,
Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout
For an actual belle and a possible bride;
But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,
And the truth came to light, and the dry goods beside,
Which, in spite of Collector and Custom-house sentry,
Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day
This merchandise went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,
This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison Square,
The last time we met, was in utter despair,
Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

Nothing to wear! Now, as this is a true ditty,
I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—
That she's in a state of absolute nudity,
Like Powers' Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus;
But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare,
When, at the same moment, she had on a dress
Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,
And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess,
That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's
Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,
I had just been selected as he who should throw all
The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal
On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,
Of those fossil remains which she called "her affections,"
And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art,
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling "her heart."
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,
But in a front parlor, most brilliantly lighted,
Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love.
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,
It was one of the quietest business transactions,
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,
"You know, I'm to polka as much as I please,
And flirt when I like—now stop, don't you speak—
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,
Or talk to me either at party or ball,
But always be ready to come when I call;
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free,
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,
Which is binding on you but not binding on me."

Well, having thus wooed Miss M'Flimsey and gained her,
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder
At least in the property, and the best right
To appear as its escort by day and by night;
And it being the week of the Stuckup's grand ball—
Their cards had been out for a fortnight or so,
And set all the Avenue on the tip-toe—
I considered it only my duty to call,
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,
When the time intervening between the first sound
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter
Than usual—I found; I won't say—I caught her—
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.
She turned as I entered—"Why, Harry, you sinner,
I thought that you went to the Flashers' to dinner!"
"So I did," I replied, "but the dinner is swallowed,
And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more,
So being relieved from that duty, I followed
Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.
And now will your ladyship so condescend
As just to inform me if you intend
Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend,
(All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)
To the Stuckup's, whose party, you know, is to-morrow?"

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,
And answered quite promptly, "Why Harry, *mon cher*,
I should like above all things to go with you there;
But really and truly—I've nothing to wear."

"Nothing to wear! go just as you are;
Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,
I engage, the most bright and particular star
On the Stuckup horizon"—I stopped, for her eye,
Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,
Opened on me at once a most terrible battery
Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,
But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose
(That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,
"How absurd that any sane man should suppose
That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,
No matter how fine, that she wears every day!"

So I ventured again—"Wear your crimson brocade,"
(Second turn up of nose)—"That's too dark by a shade."
"Your blue silk"—"That's too heavy;" "Your pink"—
"That's too light."
"Wear tulle over satin"—"I can't endure white."
"Your rose-colored, then, the best of the batch"—
"I haven't a thread of point lace to match."
"Your brown *moire antique*"—"Yes, and look like a Quaker;"
"The pearl-colored"—"I would, but that plaguey dress-maker
Has had it a week"—"Then that exquisite lilac,
In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock."
(Here the nose took again the same elevation)
"I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation."
"Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it
As more *comme il faut*—" "Yes, but, dear me, that lean
Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,
And I won't appear dressed like a chit of sixteen."
"Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;
That superb *point d'aiguille*, that imperial green,
That zephyr-like tarleton, that rich *grenadine*"—
"Not one of all which is fit to be seen,"
Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.
"Then wear," I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed
Opposition, "that gorgeous *toilette* which you sported
In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,
When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation;
And by all the grand court were so very much courted."
The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,
"I have worn it three times at the least calculation,
And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!"
Here *I ripped out* something, perhaps rather rash,
Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression
More striking than classic, it "settled my hash,"
And proved very soon the last act of our session.
"Fiddlesticks, is it, Sir? I wonder the ceiling
Doesn't fall down and crush you—oh, you men have no feeling,
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.
Your silly pretense—why what a mere guess it is!
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,
But you do not believe me" (here the nose went still higher).
"I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar.
Our engagement is ended, Sir—yes, on the spot;
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what."
I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,
As gentle expletives which might give relief;
But this only proved as spark to the powder,
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder,
It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed
To express the abusive, and then its arrears
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an obs-
Ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat, too,
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;
Then, without going through the form of a bow,
Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—
On door-step and sidewalk, past lamp-post and square,
At home and up stairs, in my own easy chair;
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar,
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?

Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited
Abroad in society, I've instituted
A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,
On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,
That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,
But that there exists the greatest distress
In our female community, solely arising
From this unsupplied destitution of dress,
Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air
With the pitiful wail of "Nothing to wear."
Researches in some of the "Upper Ten" districts
Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,
Of which let me mention only a few:
In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,
Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,
Who have been three whole weeks without any thing new
In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the lurch
Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.
In another large mansion near the same place
Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case
Of entire destitution of Brussels point lace.
In a neighboring block there was found, in three calls,
Total want, long continued, of camels'-hair shawls;
And a suffering family, whose case exhibits
The most pressing need of real ermine tippets;
One deserving young lady almost unable
To survive for the want of a new Russian sable;
Another confined to the house, when it's windier
Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.
Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific
Ever since the sad loss of the steamer *Pacific*,
In which were ingulfed, not friend or relation,
(For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation,
Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation)
But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars
Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars,
And all as to style most *recherché* and rare,
The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,
And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic
That she's quite a recluse, and almost a skeptic,
For she touchingly says that this sort of grief
Can not find in Religion the slightest relief,
And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare
For the victims of such overwhelming despair.
But the saddest by far of all these sad features
Is the cruelty practiced upon the poor creatures
By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Timons,
Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds
By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for days
Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans, or bouquets,
Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a chance,
And deride their demands as useless extravagance;
One case of a bride was brought to my view,
Too sad for belief, but, alas! 'twas too true,
Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,
To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.
The consequence was, that when she got there,
At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear,
And when she proposed to finish the season
At Newport, the monster refused out and out,
For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,
Except that the waters were good for his gout;
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.

But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain
From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain,
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity
Of every benevolent heart in the city,
And spur up Humanity into a canter
To rush and relieve these sad cases instanter.
Won't somebody, moved by this touching description,
Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?
Won't some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,
Take charge of the matter? or won't Peter Cooper
The corner-stone lay of some splendid super-
Structure, like that which to-day links his name
In the Union unending of honor and fame;
And found a new charity just for the care
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear,
Which, in view of the cash which would daily be claimed,
The *Laying-out* Hospital well might be named?
Won't Stewart, or some of our dry-goods importers,
Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters?
Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and dresses,
Ere the want of them makes it much rougher and thornier,
Won't some one discover a new California?

Oh ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,
And the temples of Trade which tower on each side,
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt
Their children have gathered, their city have built;
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,
Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine broidered skirt,
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair
To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,
Half-starved and half-naked, lie crouched from the cold.
See those skeleton limbs, those frost-bitten feet,
All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;
Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell
From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor,
Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,
As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door;
Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—
Spoiled children of Fashion—you've nothing to wear!

And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere,
Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,
Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of Time
Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,
Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,
Unscreened by its trappings, and shows, and pretense,
Must be clothed for the life and the service above,
With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;
Oh, daughters of Earth! foolish virgins, beware!
Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!

THE KING'S RIDE.

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

WORD was brought to the Danish King
(*Hurry!*)
That the love of his heart lay suffering,
And pined for the comfort his voice would bring;
(*Oh! ride as though you were flying!*)
Better he loves each golden curl
On the brow of that Scandinavian girl,
Than his rich crown jewels of ruby and pearl;
And his Rose of the Isles is dying!

Thirty nobles saddled with speed;
(*Hurry!*)
Each one mounting a gallant steed
Which he kept for battle and days of need;
(*Oh! ride as though you were flying!*)
Spurs were struck in the foaming flank—
Worn-out chargers staggered and sank,—
Bridles were slackened, and girths were burst,—
But ride as they would, the King rode first,
For his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

His nobles are beaten, one by one,
(*Hurry!*)
They have fainted, and faltered, and homeward gone;
His little fair page now follows alone,—
For strength and for courage trying!
The King looked back at that faithful child;
Wan was the face that answering smiled;
They passed the drawbridge with clattering din,
Then he dropped; and only the King rode in
Where his Rose of the Isles lay dying!

The King blew a blast on his bugle horn;
(*Silence!*)
No answer came; but faint and forlorn
An echo returned on the cold gray morn,
Like the breath of a spirit sighing.
The castle portal stood grimly wide;
None welcomed the King from that weary ride;
For dead, in the light of the dawning day,
The pale sweet form of the welcomer lay,
Who had yearned for his voice while dying!

The panting steed, with a drooping crest,
Stood weary!
The King returned from her chamber of rest,
The thick sobs choking in his breast,
And, that dumb companion eying,—
The tears gushed forth which he strove to check
He bowed his head on his charger's neck,—
"Oh, Steed—that every nerve didst strain,
Dear Steed, our ride hath been in vain
To the halls where my love lay dying!"

CHIPS FROM OUR LIBRARY;

A CHANCE MEDLEY OF FACT, SENTIMENT, AND ANECDOTE.

A METAPHYSICIAN'S PICTURE OF MARRIED LIFE.

ABRAHAM TUCKER drops the thread of his acute metaphysical discussion in his "Light of Nature Pursued," to draw an illustration of the emotion under discussion from his own personal experience. He is treating of "Satisfaction," and has occasion to combat an assertion of LOCKE, that desire is always accompanied by uneasiness. He will admit this in some situations, but not in all. "I may say," he writes, "with MR. DRYDEN,

'Old as I am, for lady's love unfit,
The power of beauty I remember yet.'

I still bear in mind the days of my courtship, which, in the language of all men, is called a season of desire; yet, unless I strangely forget myself, it proved to me a season of satisfaction also. MR. LOCKE tells us it is the uneasiness of a turbulent desire that drives men into the conjugal state. This, for aught I know, might be the motive with some men, who, being of an unsocial and undomestic turn, can see nothing good in matrimony, but submit to it as a necessary evil. But this, thanks to my stars, was not my case. I might feel some scorchings of desire, while the object of it lay at an undiscernible distance; but as the prospect drew near, and the obstacles that stood in the way of its gratification were gradually removed, it had no more the fierceness of a furnace, but became a gentle flame, casting forth a pleasing, exhilarating warmth. Perhaps I might meet with some little rubs in the way that gave me disturbance; if my fair one spoke a civil word to any tall, well-bred young fellow, I might entertain some idle apprehensions lest he should supplant me. When I took a hackney-coach to visit her, if we were jammed in between others, perhaps I might fret and fume, and utter many an uneasy pish; but as soon as I got through, though desire abated not, every shadow of uneasiness fled away. As near as I can remember, during the whole time, desire, close attended by satisfaction, directed all my steps and occupied all my moments. It awoke with me in the morning, and was the last idea swept away by sleep. It invigorated me in business, gave me life when in company, and entertained me with delightful reflections when alone. Nor did it fail to accompany me to the altar, exhibiting the prospect of an agreeable companion, who should double the enjoyments, and alleviate the troubles of life; who should relieve me from the burden of household cares, and assist me in bringing up a rising family. Possession did not put an end to desire, which found fresh fuel in mutual intercourses of kindness and hearty friendship, and could often feed upon the merest trifles. How often, having picked up some little piece of news abroad, has desire quickened my pace to prattle it over at home! How often, upon hearing of something curious in the shops, have I gone to buy it with more pleasure than the keenest sportsman goes after his game! Thus desire, leading delight hand in hand, attended us for many years, though a little altered in shape and complexion, until my other half was torn from me. Then, indeed, desire left me, and with it fled joy, delight, content, and all those under desires that used to put me upon the common actions of the day. I could like nothing, find amusement in nothing, and cared for nothing. And though I called in all my philosophy to rescue me from this disconsolate situation, it could not relieve me presently, but had a long struggle before it got the better of nature."

This is enough to redeem the metaphysical craft from WORDSWORTH's imputation in "A Poet's Epitaph."

One to whose smooth-rubbed soul can cling,
Nor form, nor feeling, great or small;
A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,
An intellectual All-in-all.

The passage we have given is strictly a transcript from life. ABRAHAM TUCKER was a gentleman of leisure of the last century, the son of a London merchant. He lived on a rich country estate, and is a rare example of one so fortunately placed for the usual enjoyments of the world, making himself a deservedly high reputation as a thinker and philosopher. His married life lasted eighteen years. When it was closed by the death of his wife, he employed himself in collecting all the letters which had passed between them in their occasional separations, fondly transcribing them in a volume, which he entitled "The Picture of Artless Love." He gave one copy, we are told, to his wife's father, and kept the other, frequently reading it to his daughters. It was after the death of his wife that he commenced his work, "The Light of Nature."

HOW TO ESTIMATE MEN.

"As touching the estimate of men," says MONTAIGNE, in his Essay "Of the Inequality among us," "'tis strange that, ourselves excepted, no other creature is esteemed beyond its proper qualities. We commend a horse for his strength and sureness of foot, and not for his rich caparisons; a grayhound for his share of heels, not for his fine collar; a hawk for her wing, not for her jesses and bells. Why, in like manner, do we not value a man for what is properly his own? He has a great train, a beautiful palace, so much credit, so many thousand pounds a year, and all these are about him, but not in him. You will not buy a pig in a poke. If you cheapen a horse, you will see him stripped of his housing-clothes; you will see him naked and open to your eye; so if he be clothed, as they anciently were wont to present them to princes to sell, 'tis only on the less important parts, that you may not so much consider the beauty of his color, or the breadth of his crupper, as principally to examine his limbs, eyes, and feet, which are the members of greatest use. Why, in giving your estimate of a man, do you prize him wrapped and muffled up in clothes? He then discovers nothing to you but such parts as are not in the least his own, and conceals those by which alone one may rightly judge of his value. 'Tis the price of the blade that you inquire into, and not of the scabbard. You would not, peradventure, bid a farthing for him if you saw him stripped. You are to judge him by himself, and not by what he wears. And as one of the ancients very pleasantly said, Do you know why you repute him tall? You reckon withal the height of his chopines, whereas the pedestal is no part of the statue. Measure him without his stilts, let him lay aside his revenues and his titles, let him present himself in his shirt, then examine if his body be sound and sprightly, active, and disposed to perform its functions. What soul has he? Is it beautiful, capable, and happily provided of all her faculties? Is she rich of what is her own, or of what she has borrowed? Has Fortune no hand in the affair? Can she, without winking, stand the lightning of swords? Is she indifferent whether her life expire by the mouth or through the throat? Is she settled, even, and content? This is what is to be examined, and by that you are to judge of the vast differences betwixt man and man."

ACTION.

It was a maxim of SIR RALPH SADLER, "Never to spend that time in designing one action in which you might perform two."

SHAKSPEARE, always as wise as poetical, hits this common infirmity of good men, a

Craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on the event,
A thought which quarter'd, hath but one part wisdom,
And, ever, three parts coward.

His brother of the stage, JOHN WEBSTER, urges the same theme:

Oh, my lord, lie not idle:
The chiefest action for a man of great spirit
Is never to be out of action. We should think;
The soul was never put into the body,
Which has so many rare and curious pieces
Of mathematical motion, to stand still.
Virtue is ever sowing of her seeds:
In the trenches for the soldier; in the wakeful study
For the scholar; in the furrows of the sea
For men of our profession; of all which
Arise and spring up honor.

OUR PARISH.

There is a very general application to the parcel men of virtue, into whom the best disposed are compelled to subdivide themselves, in the old story of the one man who refrained from weeping at the delivery of a pathetic discourse before a country congregation. "Oh," says he, in explanation of his aridity, "I belong to another parish." To how much of good are we insensible in the world—of the good which lies out of our parish!

NAPOLEON'S SNUFF-BOX.

The following "Lines" were addressed to LADY HOLLAND, "On the Legacy of a Snuff-box left to her by Bonaparte," by the Earl of Carlisle. They appear in one of the early numbers of *John Bull:*

LADY, reject the gift! 'tis tinged with gore!
Those crimson spots a dreadful tale relate:
It has been grasp'd by an infernal power;
And by that hand which seal'd young Enghien's fate.

Lady, reject the gift! beneath its lid
Discord, and Slaughter, and relentless War,
With every plague to wretched Man, lie hid;
Let not these loose to range the world afar.

Say, what congenial to his heart of stone,
In thy soft bosom could the Tyrant trace?
When does the dove the eagle's friendship own,
Or the wolf hold the lamb in pure embrace?

Think of that pile,* to Addison so dear,
Where Sully feasted, and where Roger's song
Still adds sweet music to the perfumed air,
And gently leads each Grace and Muse along.

Pollute not, then, these scenes—the gift destroy:
'Twill scare the Dryads from that lovely shade;
With them will fly all rural peace and joy,
And screaming fiends their verdant haunts invade.

That mystic Box hath magic power to raise
Spectres of myriads slain, a ghastly band;
They'll vex thy slumbers, cloud thy sunny days,
Starting from Moscow's snows or Egypt's sand.

The warning Muse no idle trifler deem;
Plunge the curs'd mischief in wide Ocean's flood;
Or give it to our own majestic stream,
The only stream he could not dye with blood.

* Holland House.

TENDERNESS.

"I know you have tenderness," wrote POPE to LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU—and nothing was ever more beautifully said—"you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue; the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest."

A PLEASURE.

"The greatest pleasure I know," said CHARLES LAMB, "is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident."

INQUISITIVENESS.

TALLEYRAND, on leaving Paris once on a foreign embassy, was asked by a creditor, not for the large sum which he owed him, nor for any portion of it, but simply if his Excellency could give him even a distant idea of the time when it might suit his convenience to repay. "Sir," said the diplomatist, "you are very inquisitive."

A PAINFUL DISEASE.

Some one brought HOOD the news, on his dying bed, that a popular author of the day was about bringing out the Mysteries of London in the fashion of the Mysteries of Paris. "Don't mention it," said Hood, writhing on his couch; "you will give me the *back-slum-bago!*"

LITERARY.

DRAMATIC SCENES; with other Poems, now first printed, *by Barry Cornwall.* London: Chapman & Hall.

We have already briefly alluded to this book, of which no reprint has yet appeared in America.

For nearly forty years Mr. Procter has held his enviable position. His songs have that proof of the best of poetry, that they remain in the brain and heart. We remember from remote years the exquisite beauty and delicacy of his verses. There are a hundred of them that we can quote, though we have not seen them in years, and this is saying much, since he has written less than perhaps any modern poet of equal reputation.

But little as he has written, he has reached the hearts of all classes and kinds of readers. He is ranked by high literary taste with the ever-gentle Elia; and by those who do not analyze the literary character of his poems, as one who has the keenest sensibilities and the most perfect appreciation of human passions and emotions. One reader remembers "The sea, the sea, the open sea;" another, mourning that the even footfall of death has come within his home-circle, recalls oftentimes each day,

No pangs, nor passionate grief,
Nor anger raging hot,
No ills shall ever haunt her more;
She goes unto the silent shore
Where pain is not!

Or perhaps these lines from a Song of Peace:

Death! take her to thine arms
In all her stainless charms,
And with her fly
To heavenly haunts, where, clad in brightness,
The angels lie.
Wilt bear her there, oh Death? In all her whiteness?
Reply, reply!

There may possibly be those who are so reprobate, in this temperate age and country, as to admit their admiring recollection of a strong, nervous, second-bottle Ode:

Naught but wine! Noble wine,
Strong and sound, and old and fine.
What can scare
The devil Despair
Like brave, bright wine?

And every body, young or old, remembers with delight that which it is sacrilege to mutilate, by extracting only the half of its delicious whole:

Touch us gently, Time!
Let us glide adown thy stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost—an angel fled
To the azure overhead!)

If every body does know it, it has done no harm to quote once more its exquisite strain. Disdaining all clap-trap of forced rhyme or rhythm; never wasting words for nothing; avoiding, not carefully, but naturally, all those obscurities of diction and masses of words which disfigure so many of the pages of modern poetry; simply beautiful in all that he thinks and writes, but never descending to that low grade of simplicity that is destitute of beauty, Mr. Procter is a poet after our heart, whose valedictory it is as painful to read as the last letter of a friend of long years who announces, with his own handwriting, the near approach of darkness that will shut him away from vision.

In his preface to this last volume this valedictory is thus expressed in prose: "If years have not brought 'the philosophic mind,' they have at least quelled those aspirations which are troublesome only to the young; and I now feel that I ought to disburden myself from my armor, and leave to more active and heroic spirits the glory that awaits success."

Those aspirations we find expressed in this volume, in a poem hitherto unpublished.

Wondrous Visions o'er me bend!
From the love of worth and beauty,
From the trust that marks a friend,
To the highest heights of Duty
I ascend!
Not for poor or selfish end,
Poet's crown, Pontiff's tiar,
I aspire!
Through the mist of foul opinions,
Flaming passions, sensual mire,
To the Mind's serene dominions
I aspire!

Possibly he had sometimes more sensual notions and earthly, as when he wrote:

I've sometimes thought that I could shoot me down
Unto the muddy bottoms of the sea,
And hold my breath there—till, 'midst stones and shells,
And jewels yet unborn, and riches sleeping,
I tore up Fortune by her golden hair,
And grew a God on earth!

When his life comes to be written, we shall know how far his aspirations were realized. But no one can place Barry Cornwall elsewhere than in the first rank of the modern poets of England. When others whose names are more loudly sounded in the ears of the world shall be quite forgotten, or remembered only as curiosities of literary life, and their works fossilized or utterly lost, he will certainly be regarded as a poet of pure human nature, of the affections, feelings, all the finer sensibilities, and, in short, of all that makes the man seem near the reader while the work touches both brain and heart at once. We have given an extract from his prose valedictory. Let us close with one from his "Farewell to Verse:"

Farewell! The plumage drops from off my wing;
Life and its humbler tasks henceforth are mine!
The lark no longer down from heaven doth bring
That music which, in youth, I deemed divine:
The winds are mute; the rivers dare not sing;
Time lifts his hand—and I obey the sign!

That sign forbids the involuntary wish of long life and joy to our old friend. This last song is verily his last, and we dare not hope for one word more from the lips whose utterances have always been exceeding pleasant. It is only left to wish for him "a snug place to lie"—a sunshiny sleeping-place.

THE TRAGEDIES OF EURIPIDES, Literally Translated or Revised, with Critical and Explanatory Notes, by *Theodore Alois Buckley, of Christ Church.* 2 vols. 12mo. New York: Harper & Brothers.

These are the thirteenth and fourteenth volumes of Harper's New Classical Library, which consists of a series of literal translations of the Greek and Latin writers with whom students in schools and colleges are most familiar. The use of a translation by a scholar is apt to be hastily condemned. Such condemnation is unjust. It is a safe rule that the boy who would be harmed by using it, would never be benefited by any amount of instruction without it. The careful and industrious youth finds a correct aid of this kind invaluable as a companion to his dictionary; while the careless and idle, who rely on it as a substitute for a dictionary, will be tolerably certain to be tripped up by the knowing teacher. We remember well a college incident of this sort. A tutor interrupted a fast sophomore with, "Your translation is not literal, Mr. P——." The boy, delighted with the opportunity of putting the tutor in the wrong for once, turned his open Horace, and exhibiting his "pony" to the astonished teacher, said, "It is as literal as Mr. Smart can make it, Sir."

But this series of translations of the classics is by no means intended for the use of young men alone. The teacher himself will at all times find them a valuable and reliable reference, while the general reader, not understanding the original sufficiently well to read with ease either Latin philosophy or Greek drama, will learn more of the ancient writers from these literal transfers than by the most elaborate rhythmical translations that are extant.

Bohn's Classical Library is published in England, and sold at about $1 25 per volume. These are precise copies, in as good style in all respects, and are published for 75 cents per volume.

Mr. Lever has commenced the publication of a cheap edition of his novels. "Harry Lorrequer" has appeared, with a new introduction by the author, in which he relates, in a very pleasant manner, how he came to be an author, by commencing the Confessions of Harry Lorrequer in the *Dublin University Magazine*, and how astonished he was, after suspending the papers, to receive a letter asking their continuance. He in fact seems to have become famous before he dreamed of it.

In the last number of *Howard's Practice Reports* we find a case which must have caused considerable pain in the sides at the time of its argument before Judge Harris. The case comes before the court on a motion to strike out of a pleading, as irrelevant and redundant, the following passage:

"That one Hiram Cumming was possessed of about 500 prints struck from a certain steel-plate engraving, originally designed to represent the form and features of the celebrated British statesman, Sir Robert Peel, in a standing posture, and whose head was decapitated or struck off by a certain curious piece of mechanical necromancy, and the head of the defendant substituted therefor, at his special instance and request, and under his dictation and direction, and which the defendant had wrongfully converted," etc.

The list of books published in Great Britain from December 13 to January 31 runs up to 249. Mr. Laurence Oliphant, known as a Crimean author, has gone to Central America, whence it is anticipated that he will send letters to England enlightening the world as to the curious state of affairs in that part of the world. The controversy on the subject of a revision of the Bible in England has died out. The Archdeacon of Salop has proposed the plan of appointing a royal commission, of ten scholars, to insert in the margin such versions as seem to any nine of them preferable to the existing English text, permission being granted to ministers to read such corrections in the churches. An interesting book has appeared at Stuttgard, entitled, "Aus dem Leben einer Künstlerin" (Out of the Life of an *Artiste*). It is a collection of reminiscences of Agnes Schebest, who was once the wife of Strauss, but separated from him. The *Athenæum* of January 3 devotes two pages to an accusation of plagiarism laid against Alexander Smith, and supported by column after column of parallel passages from Tennyson, Keats, Shelley, Leigh Hunt, Bailey, and others. No one who has read Smith has doubted that many of his ideas were innocently borrowed, but very successfully and elegantly elaborated. A poet who reads poetry can not be always original in thought. Probably as strong a case might be made against either of those whom

Smith is accused of robbing. Leutze, the American artist, now at Düsseldorf, has finished a new work, "The Last Court Evening of Charles II. of England," said to be superior to any of his former pictures.

One Ivan Golovin, an animal of harmless character in the skin of a Russian bear, wrote a letter some weeks ago to the *Athenæum*, the most ancient of the old and slow literary papers of England, in which he gravely stated that "the Harpers' press in New York, which reprinted Dickens's American Notes, was destroyed by the free citizens of the Empire City," and added, "this is more than sensitiveness, it is intolerance." The *Athenæum*, blind old lady that it is, and always will be, everlastingly mistaking salt water for the boundary of the world, and quite invulnerable to the Arrowsmith lesson which its "Old England" contemporary had received, publishes the letter and thus indorses it. Mr. Golovin also ventured the assertion that Mr. Appleton declined undertaking the sale of his book in the United States, "its spirit being hostile to the great and glorious country." In the next number of the *Athenæum* appear two letters; one from the English agent of the Appletons demolishing Ivan Golovin with the statement that he had put the name of that house on his title-page without authority or consultation, and hence their refusal to have any thing to do with the book; and another from Mr. Squier, our American friend, who suggests that Mr. Golovin may have been led into error about this press by the fire which occurred December 10, 1853, and who, in a very amusing letter, gives Mr. Golovin an opportunity to admit his mistake.

With the proverbial courage of his Polar cousin, the Russian returns to the attack, and in the *Athenæum* of January 3 replies to Mr. Squier: "In the case of Mr. Harper, I did not allude to the work of the fire but that of the mob;" and in regard to the Appletons, has not the decency to make an apology for his unwarranted use of their name. To this Mr. Squier responds, January 10th, informing the *Athenæum*, very simply, that Mr. Golovin has told what is untrue; and so at the last dates the matter stands.

If the *Athenæum* or Mr. Squier knew how little account those who know him in America make of Ivan Golovin, who calls himself a Russian nobleman, and was for some time a literary bear (in the imperfect indicative), they would not waste ink on him.

Miss Muloch, author of John Halifax, announces a novel, to be called "Nothing New;" which will also be published in America by Harper & Brothers.

ADDITIONAL RECENT PUBLICATIONS.

NEW YORK.

Carlton & Porter.
Annals of Christian Martyrdom. By the Author of "The Lives of the Prophets." 1 vol. 12mo, 80 cents.

A. S. Barnes & Co.
The Science of Logic; or, an Analysis of the Laws of Thought. By Rev. Asa Mahan, Author of "An Intellectual Philosophy." 1 vol. 12mo, $1 25.

Derby & Jackson.
The Merchants' and Bankers' Register (late Almanac) for 1857. Edited by J. Smith Homans. 1 vol. 8vo, paper, $1 42.

James French & Co.
Autobiography of Captain Samuel F. Holbrook. 1 vol. 12mo, $1 25.

Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co.
Songs and Ballads. By Sidney Dyer. 1 vol. 12mo.

John L. Voorhies.
Trial of Charles B. Huntington, etc. Prepared by the Defendant's Counsel. 1 vol. 8vo, $2 50.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

On Monday, 26th, in the Senate, the bill to establish a naval dépôt at Brunswick, Ga., was passed. Senator Wilson gave notice of a bill to secure to actual settlers lands granted to States for railroad purposes. On motion of Senator Seward, inquiry was directed to be made as to the propriety of surveying the Niagara River. In the House the bill adding $20 a month to the salary of army officers, and fixing the commutation of rations at thirty cents was passed. Mr. Chester answered for his alleged contempt, and was discharged from custody.—On Tuesday, a petition was received by the Senate from the Humane Society of Massachusetts asking for $20,000 to support life-boats and mortar stations on the coast of that State. Debate followed on the Indian Appropriation Bill. In the House, a tariff bill was reported from the Committee of Ways and Means reducing the revenue $14,000,000. The Submarine Telegraph Bill was referred to the Committee of Ways and Means. The President's message was discussed in Committee of the Whole.—On Wednesday, a resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Foreign Relations to inquire into the propriety of sending a commissioner to the islands of the East Indian Archipelago to examine the sovereignty claimed over them by the Government of the Netherlands. A bill was reported to establish judicial and land districts in the Gadsden purchase. No business was done in the House in consequence of the death of Mr. Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina.—Thursday and Friday were devoted by the members of both Houses to the ceremonies attending the death and interment of Mr. Brooks.—On Saturday, in the Senate, the Indian Appropriation Bill was again discussed, and it was agreed to appropriate nearly $700,000 to maintain the peace in Oregon and Washington Territories. Senator Houston's resolution to call upon the President for a return of the number and causes of desertions from the navy since the new navy act was adopted. In the House, bills were passed providing for the admission of two new States, Oregon and Minnesota, on equal footing with the old States. A bill was reported from the Committee on Territories for the relief of the poor of Kansas; but discussion having arisen, Mr. Grow, the reporter, moved that it be recommitted.

THE INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

This body will report this week. Already two members of Congress have been served with testimony against them, and requested to exculpate themselves; and Washington is full of rumors of other discoveries. The witness Chester has appeared before the Committee and given evidence. The witness Simonton is still in confinement. It is said that the most important testimony has been that of Mr. Sweeny, assistant door-keeper of the House, and Mr. Triplet. It is generally believed that the Committee will not prove a failure.

PRESIDENTIAL MOVEMENTS.

Mr. Buchanan has been to Washington, and the politicians have been in a terrible flutter. On Saturday he dined at the President's, in company with the leading men of his party and the members of the Cabinet. It is usual for the outgoing President to vacate the White House before the 4th, so as to enable his successor to make himself comfortable by that tremendous day. Mr. Buchanan has requested Mr. Pierce to remain in the White House as his guest as long as he can. He takes all the servants, etc. Mr. Pierce intended to go to Cuba for relaxation after the 4th; but the state of Mrs. Pierce's health forbids this, and it is expected that the Ex-President will seek a retreat in some part of the South. When the weather becomes warmer he will return to Concord.

HOW MR. MARCY CAN SETTLE A FRENCHMAN.

A writer, who evidently has access to good sources of information, tells the following story of Mr. Marcy:

It is known that during the enlistment controversy, and consequent difficulty with the English Minister, Mr. Crampton, the French Minister, M. de Sartiges, exerted all his influence with Mr. Marcy for the retention of Crampton. On one occasion M. de Sartiges was arguing before the Secretary against the dismissal of Crampton, presenting the disadvantages of such an act in the strongest colors, representing the desire of his government to prevent a rupture, etc., etc., in quite a lengthy oration, during the delivery of which Mr. Marcy sat perfectly silent, dangling his watch-seals, as if in profound reflection upon the French Minister's eloquence. At length, when Sartiges had quite exhausted his discourse and paused for a reply, the Secretary merely raised his shaggy eyebrows a little and quietly inquired, "M. Sartiges, how is madame this morning?" The story goes no further in that direction, except that M. de Sartiges took his hat and never approached the subject again; while, as the world knows, Mr. Crampton was dismissed, Lord Palmerston fumed and fretted, and finally has appointed Lord Napier to come over here in Crampton's place.

A PACHA WANTS TO BE A UNITED STATES CITIZEN.

There is just now, at Washington, a petitioner whose history and case attract much attention.

It will be remembered that, by the treaty of 1805, the United States took under their protection Hamet Carawalli, the Ex-Pasha of Tripoli, and all his descendants and followers. This protection was accorded in consequence of the alliance made by General Eaton, on behalf of the United States, with Hamet Carawalli, for his aid in the war against the then reigning Pasha of Tripoli. Carawalli's son is now here, pressing a claim against the Government under the contract of alliance aforesaid; but in order to substantiate his claim it is necessary that the State Department should furnish certain official papers on its files—which the Department refuses to do. He then asks a passport as a *protégé* of the United States, that he may go back with safety to Turkey. This, too, is refused, on the ground that he is *not* a *protégé* of the United States, but a Turkish subject. He insists that the papers of the Department will show that he has the right to the protection which he claims; but the Department will not expose its records for *that* purpose, because if they *do*, it is whispered that the records must expose the other part, to wit, that his claim to pecuniary indemnity is a good one.

PROGRESS OF THE GARROTE.

The papers are full of accounts of attempts to garrote people, and weak-minded young men have their pockets full of revolvers. One of them nearly shot himself in a dishonorable place by sitting on his revolver at the opera the other night. Some persons have been robbed by the garroters. But in other cases the ruffians have come off second best. A few evenings ago, Mr. Thomas, an architect, was attacked by garroters, while proceeding to his home in Twenty-fourth street. Hearing footsteps behind him, and suspecting something wrong, he stopped as two fellows approached him, and bid them pass on. One of the fellows immediately struck him, but he returned the blow with interest, and drawing a revolver, fired one barrel, and shouted for the police. He then saw two other persons approaching, but not knowing whether they were friends or foes, he fired a second barrel, whereupon the whole party turned and fled. Mr. Thomas pursued, keeping up a running fire, until the contents of the revolver were exhausted. Not a policeman appeared during the whole transaction. He thinks he wounded one or two of the rascals. He fortunately escaped with only a slight injury to his right hand, from the force of the blow he gave one of the party. Mr. T. had a large sum of money with him at the time, of which, thanks to his courage and revolver, he was not robbed.

A WHOLE FAMILY POISONED.

New York has been shocked by a tragedy which took place a few days ago. Charles William Rheinman, the perpetrator of the tragedy, was a German by birth, and 38 years of age. He was a tailor by occupation, and has, for the last year, resided with his family—a wife and two children, one a girl, named Mary, aged 8 years, and the other a boy, about 4 years old, named Paul—in an apartment of the tenement house No. 25 Avenue A. He was a man of very intemperate habits, and subject, in consequence, to frequent fits of despondency. He paid no attention to the remonstrances of his wife, and answered her only by undefined threats that "he would soon put an end to the matter." About a year since, he threatened, in the hearing of his wife, to poison his whole family.

He came to his home about 9 o'clock Saturday evening, and in reply to the question from his little son, who was lying in bed, "Father, have you brought me home any thing?" he answered, "I have, my child; I have brought home something for us all." He was perfectly sober at this time, and went, soon afterward, to bed, and slept soundly the whole night. In the morning he arose early, leaving his family still in bed, and prepared breakfast, consisting of coffee and bread. He then awoke his family, and desired them to partake of the breakfast which he had prepared. He poured out a cup of the coffee, went with it to the bedside of his child Mary, and asked her to drink it. She being unwell, declined taking it, whereupon he forced it down her, and then drank down two cups of the beverage himself. He asked his wife to drink of it also, but she, for some reason, her suspicions being aroused probably, refused to do so; she merely soaked in it some bread, part of which she ate, and gave the rest to her son Paul. When the father partook of the coffee he went to bed again, and was soon taken violently sick as were all the family. The girl Mary died in about two hours afterward in great agony, and the spirit of the father followed soon after. A short time before his death he confessed to his wife that he had put a shilling's worth of arsenic in the coffee-pot. Mrs. Rheinman at once alarmed the neighbors, physicians were sent for, but they came too late.

The child Paul was removed to the residence of his mother's father, where every effort was made to restore him; he lingered in great pain till Tuesday morning, when death ended his sufferings.

MINISTER'S MONEY.

A young pickpocket condemned this week for picking the pocket of a minister's wife at the Norfolk Street Methodist Church, listened to the proceedings with composure, chewing his quid, but when the sentence was rendered his self-possession suddenly forsook him and he exclaimed, "The minister's wife! If I'd known she was the minister's wife, I would never have touched a cent of that money—*minister's money is always unlucky!*"

A SPIRIT AMONG THE POLICE.

The police of this city, too, it seems, have got their spirit. He resides in an old house in Front Street, knows the private police signs, and is an uncommonly shrewd spirit—maybe an old detective. He came to light about two months since, when a watchman passing the house in Front Street was roused by his raps. He listened, and presently the noise became louder, and it seemed as if the door was struck on the inside smartly with a piece of metal. He was puzzled to know what caused it, and supposed that the water had been left flowing in the upper story, and was dropping on the floor inside the door. But the same noise was repeated on subsequent nights, and he found from observation during the day that his theory was incorrect.

The policeman on the same beat was notified, and he also heard the strange noises, and could not account for them. They always seemed to proceed from the door, and were loud enough to be heard across the street, and on a still night were recognized distinctly by the policemen at the corner of Dover Street, a distance of some two hundred feet.

The story of the mysterious noises soon began to spread, and every night the number of the curious inquirers increased. Questions were asked the supposed spirit, and intelligent answers of "yes" or "no" rapped out, and in every case related to us with remarkable accuracy. The policemen amused themselves during the small hours of the night by asking questions, and the following is a sample of the conversation that occurred:

Fourth Ward Policeman.—Spirit, I want you to rap twice if you agree to answer my questions.

Rap, rap, came twice distinctly.

Policeman.—I want to know how long after our pay is due will we get the money the city owes us. Rap the number of weeks.

Here six raps followed each other distinctly.

This conversation occurred ten days ago, and was immediately repeated to the other policemen, among whom it became quite a joke; and when any one asked when they would procure their pay from the city, which was for some time overdue, the answer was, "Oh, the spirit says we will have it at the end of six weeks." The strangest part of the story is, that they were paid off last Wednesday, just six weeks after the pay was due.

A Second Ward policeman was more curious still, and asked what number would come out first in the Pokomoke (a game in the lottery) next day. The answer was one and five; and sure enough, one and five were the first drawn next day; at least so the policemen say, and they seem to be pretty well posted.

AN AMERICAN ANAK.

An extraordinary discovery has been made near North Bend, Ohio, in digging a well. It is the skeleton of a man or rather a giant, who, when living, towered to the enormous height of twenty-three feet and ten inches. Professor Lind, who examined the skeleton, says: "The os humerus of the skeleton measured six feet four and a half inches, and the superior condyle, where it enters the glenoid cavity of the scapula, measured eighteen and three-eighths inches in diameter. Hence," says the Doctor, "admitting the proposition demonstrated by *comparative* anatomy, that all muscular power depends on the magnitude of the articulating condyles of the limbs to which they are attached, we must arrive at the startling fact that this *monster man*, while in the full vigor of life, was twenty-three feet ten inches high, and was capable of wielding the forearm with sufficient force to have thrown a cannon-ball weighing eighteen pounds from Cincinnati to Indianapolis, or a distance of eighty-eight miles; or to have taken a large millstone in each hand, and have walked with perfect ease at the astounding rate of thirty-seven and one-eighth miles an hour."

DISASTERS AT SEA.

A melancholy catalogue of disasters during the late gale fills the daily papers. One of the most terrible is that which befell the British brig *Princess Louisa.*

DREADFUL SUFFERINGS OF THE CREW.

The brig was off the coast of Barnegat, when a violent gale from the northwest sprang up, and almost completely dismantled the vessel. Two topsails and the main yard went by the board, rendering the navigation of the brig no easy task. Three of the men were frost-bitten, and the remainder were hardly capable of managing the vessel, so intense was the cold which accompanied the gale. They were then out over seventy days, and, becoming short of provisions, the men were compelled to live on an ounce of biscuit per day. It was also discovered that the water had all given out, so a barrel of wine was obliged to be used as a substitute. "We used it," said the mate, "just to keep the life in us, for we were all nearly dead with fatigue and exhaustion, from thirst and hunger." After many days of weary labor they succeeded in reaching the coast again, but again they encountered a northwester, and a second time the vessel was dismantled. The storm was accompanied with intense cold, and as the sea washed over the brig the water froze upon her decks and rigging, and converted her into a miniature iceberg. The men found it almost impossible to work the ship, and were under the necessity of breaking the ice from the sails and rigging with their marling spikes. While in this straitened condition, the Boston packet ship *Edward Everett* was spoken, and the captain was requested to heave to. The request was readily granted, and in a few moments the crew of the *Princess Louisa* had the pleasure of receiving substantial relief in the shape of four barrels of flour, which the mate of the packet ship very kindly brought on board in one of the vessel's long boats.

The brig had now been out of provisions, water, fuel, and light for the space of over forty days. At night all was total darkness on board. The galley gave forth no heat—neither did the lamps show any light. In the daytime the scene was dismal too. The vessel was a most melancholy-looking wreck, alow and aloft. The larder was empty, and nothing was left the poor fellows but a little flour and wine. With a mixture of these compounds they managed to exist under the most fearful difficulties, and such of them as were not totally disabled by the cold, cheerfully obeyed the orders of the captain and worked manfully to bring the vessel into port. For more than a month the forecastle was converted into a hospital. Thither the frost-bitten seamen would hurry and endeavor to restore their frozen limbs to life again. They were totally unacquainted with the luxury of a fire, and with benumbed hands and frozen feet were obliged to seek repose in apparel which they had not changed for weeks.

On the 17th, while off Fire Island inlet, the great snow storm which visited us so severely arose, and, in the gale of wind which accompanied it from the northeast, the *Princess Louisa* was again driven to sea in a wrecked condition. The decks were covered with ice to the depth of eight or ten inches, while the sails and rigging were entirely enveloped in ice. The crew endeavored to bear up against the misfortune, but four of them were compelled to retire to their berths with frozen feet and hands, while the others were in such a weak state for want of provisions and water that they could scarcely work the vessel. In fact, at one period during the continuance of the storm, the mate and two sailors were all the men that the captain could call upon to assist in navigating the vessel.

MR. DE FORREST NOT HEARD OF.

This unfortunate gentleman whose mysterious disappearance on the 14th ult. was noticed in our last, has not been heard of. His father's friend, Mr. Curtis, has received the following anonymous letter:

"Brooklyn, Jan. 20, 1857.

"Mr. Curtis—*Dear Sir:* Mr. De Forrest was knocked down after crossing the ferry, on the 13th inst. The body will be found on the change of the tide within six days, in the East River."

Dr. De Forrest has returned home. He thinks that his son must have left the Metropolitan hotel in the early part of the evening of January 14, and proceeded to Hamilton-avenue ferry—the nearest route to the residence of his relatives in South Brooklyn. In consequence of the severe weather about that time, the boats on the South and Hamilton-avenue ferries were laid up that evening, and it is not unlikely he thereupon directed his course to the Fulton ferry along one of the river streets, where, as our police records show, remarkable facilities are afforded for deeds of violence. Whether he was murdered, whether the murderer saw him draw the money from the bank, and dogged him the rest of the day, or whether he was assaulted, garroted, killed by mistake for some other person, or at a venture, or whether in pure accident he fell into the river and was drowned, we are quite likely never to know.

HORRIBLE MURDER IN BOND STREET.

Another horrible and mysterious murder has been perpetrated in this city. Dr. Harvey Burdell, a well-known dentist, was found dead in his office, No. 31 Bond Street, on Saturday morning, by his errand-boy, who had come as usual, about 8½ o'clock, to attend his office duties. The body was lying upon the floor, shockingly mutilated, and surrounded with clots of blood, and the door and walls of the room besmeared with blood. The inmates being alarmed, Dr. John W. Francis, who lives in the immediate vicinity, was called in to make an examination. He found that Dr. Burdell had been strangled by a ligature applied round the throat, and that no less than fifteen deep wounds, almost any of which would cause death, had been inflicted with some sharp instrument on his person.

He had been married, but his wife obtained a divorce from him some few years ago. It was not known that he had married again, until, upon the evidence before the Coroner, it appeared that quite recently he was secretly married to Mrs. Cunningham, a widow, and the landlady of the house, wherein he had his office and was murdered.

Robbery appears not to have been the incentive to the murder, as none of the doctor's papers were disturbed. It must have been done by some one well acquainted with the house. A shirt marked "J. Ketchum," and a sheet and towel stained with blood, were found secreted in an ante-room, which, with every other part of the building, was thoroughly searched by order of the Coroner, with a view to find some clew to the guilty party. A dirk stained with blood was also found. This was evidently the instrument used, and it may be the means of fastening the guilt upon the murderer. The coroner's inquest is proceeding as we close.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

THE QUEEN'S ACCOUCHEMENT.

Referring to this interesting event, the *Court Journal* says: "With respect to the approaching season, although it is rather early to prognosticate, we believe the following arrangements may be considered as settled. Her Majesty and the royal family will stay at Windsor Castle until after the 10th of February, the anniversary of her Majesty's marriage; that about the middle of that month the Queen will arrive at Buckingham Palace, and will remain there until after her accouchement, which is expected to take place in March. After her Majesty's recovery there will be a short trip to Osborne. On the return of her Majesty to town a series of brilliant Court receptions will be held, but of their number it is yet too soon to speak. During the time when the state of the Queen's health will confine her to Buckingham Palace, it is expected that his Royal Highness Prince Albert will hold at least two levees for her Majesty. It is understood that the order which prohibited any gentleman from attending drawing-rooms, except those who were accompanying ladies, will be more stringently enforced, the *corps diplomatique*, the ministry, and functionaries of state, of course, excepted."

HEROISM OF ENGLISH SAILORS.

Every American heart has thrilled at the account of the rescue of the crew of the American vessel *Northern Belle*, which was wrecked in a late storm off Kingsgate, England.

At 8 A.M., it was feared that the ship would part from her anchors and come on shore, and a message was dispatched to Broadstairs to that effect. The Broadstairs boatmen, who are renowned for their alacrity, immediately harnessed themselves to the truck on which the life-boat—the *Mary White*—is always ready, and proceeded to drag it from Broadstairs to Kingsgate, a distance of two miles, over a heavy and hilly country.

At 11.30 A.M., the multitude assembled were destined to witness a very painful sight. A Margate lugger, called the *Victory*, was hovering about the ship in the hope of rendering her some assistance, when a huge sea struck her, and she suddenly disappeared from sight. She and her crew (from twelve to fifteen in number) went down, and were no more seen. Another lugger, the *Ocean*, of Margate, had, at 6 A.M., put five hands on board the *Northern Belle.*

Between 10 and 11 P.M., the ship parted with her anchors and drove upon the rocks. At this hour, it would have been utterly impossible to launch the life-boat, for the hail, sleet, and snow prevented the men from seeing any object whatever; and the spot whence it would be necessary to put off was distant more than half a mile. When day broke, at between 6 and 7 o'clock this morning (Tuesday), an awful sight was revealed to those on the cliffs and on the beach. With the naked eye one could discern twenty-three men lashed to the rigging of the only mast left standing. What these poor creatures must have suffered during the night the reader will readily imagine.

At half-past 7 A.M., the life-boat, the *Mary White*, was manned. . . . . . Ten brave men pulled through a boiling surf and raging sea, which several times hid them from sight, and filled beholders with alarm for their safety. When seven out of the twenty-three men upon the wreck had been got into the life-boat, it was found necessary to cut her adrift and disentangle her from the ship. With these seven men the boat returned to the shore amidst the cheers of the many persons assembled on the beach.

A second life-boat, which had also been wheeled from Broadstairs, to be ready in the event of the first life-boat being lost, was now launched, and went off to the wreck. She succeeded in bringing away fourteen.

THE CAPTAIN DECLARES HE WILL GO DOWN WITH THE SHIP.

The two remaining were the captain and the pilot, who had been taken in at Dover. The former declared that he would rather die than leave his vessel, and the latter expressed a desire to remain and perish in the old man's company.

After an hour and a half had elapsed, the life-boat for the third time left the shore in order to persuade these two men to save their lives. After much difficulty, the crew of the boat succeeded in inducing them to come off the rigging and go to the land. To describe the scene on the beach, when it was known that all hands had been saved, is impossible. A more affecting scene was seldom witnessed. There were tears of gratitude shed by the Americans, tears of joy and of pride by the Broadstairs boatmen. Benumbed as the shipwrecked men were, they could scarcely partake of the refreshment which was provided for them in the little warm parlor of "The Captain Digby," the solitary inn which stands upon the cliff at Kingsgate.

THE STARS AND STRIPES CARRIED IN TRIUMPH IN ENGLAND.

When all were ashore, the *Mary White* was dragged upon her truck by three horses into Broadstairs. In the boat sat her gallant crew. Tied to an American oar was the American standard, which was so recently hoisted as a signal of distress. The tattered flag fluttered over the broken bows of the *Mary White.* It was thus that the boat passed through the streets of Broadstairs, amidst the joyous shouts of the inhabitants of the town.

The Americans in England have raised a subscription for the boatmen; the consul at Southampton has given £50.

When the men coolly and quietly stripped to their shirts for their work the only "reward" before them was 7*s.* 6*d.* a piece above their ordinary wages—*and* the good deed in the sight of God and man.

SUBSTANTIAL TRIBUTE TO DR. LIVINGSTONE.

A public meeting in London, on motion of Sir Roderick Murchison, has passed the following resolution: That this meeting, highly appreciating the intrepidity and perseverance of Dr. Livingstone in his extended and dangerous journeys, deems it incumbent to originate a pecuniary tribute as an expression of their admiration and gratitude for his disinterested and self-denying labors in the cause of science and philanthropy.

The subscriptions announced in the course of the evening amounted to upward of £400, the Lord Mayor heading the list with ten guineas; the Bishop of London, ten guineas; the Bishop of Victoria, three guineas; the London Missionary Society, £100; Mr. Raikes Currie, ten guineas; the Honorable A. Kinnaird, ten guineas, etc.

THE MAN WHO IS BOMBARDING THE CHINESE.

Sir Michael Seymour, the British Admiral who is bombarding Canton, is becoming a personage of note.

HOW MEN RISE IN ENGLAND.

He is a Knight of the Bath, like his father. The secret of his promotion, as well as that of his father, lies in his connection with Sir William Knighton, who held the office of Privy Purse to George the Fourth. Sir William Knighton was originally a physician, who, from an humble extraction, had fought his way up to extensive practice until he became the fashionable physician of the day—until, to use his own expression, he became tired of the monotonous occupation of unfolding from their paper envelopes the guinea fees which in the course of the day were slipped into his hands by aristocratic patients. Accident introduced him to George the Fourth, who soon after proposed to him to quit practice, having private apartments next to his own at Windsor, and be his domestic physician and purse-bearer, with a salary of £5000 a year. The offer was accepted, and Sir William Knighton was created a baronet, enjoyed the King's favor and countenance—such as it was—until his death.

The father of the present Sir Michael Seymour married

Sir William Knighton's sister, and thus obtained his promotion; and Sir Michael himself, through the same influence, was made post-captain before he was five-and-twenty, when his promotion followed by seniority. He afterward married Sir William Knighton's daughter. All the Seymours are a singularly handsome race, and in addition to the prestige of his personal appearance, the Admiral now commanding the China fleet is a man of singular discretion and habits of business. When Sir Charles Napier went to the Baltic, Sir James Graham took Sir Michael, then Captain Seymour, away from a staff appointment, on purpose that he might be Napier's captain of the fleet, on account of his well-known command of temper, his excellent judgment, and his thorough discretion. In that service we know he lost an eye by the explosion of one of the Russian subaqueous machines fished up by the fleet.

PALMERSTON TELLS HIM TO STAND NO NONSENSE.

On his becoming an admiral in right of seniority, the present appointment in the East Indies was given to him, with private instructions from Lord Palmerston "to stand no nonsense from any one." If he is successful, his conduct, when Parliament meets, will not be too narrowly sifted; but if any thing go wrong—if he trip in ever so slight a degree—then will come out in all its fullness the patrician system of England. Without aristocratic connections a public man in England is annihilated; and one like Seymour, whose antecedents are all traceable to a humble apothecary, converted into a fashionable physician, and subsequently into a king's purse-bearer, will have slender mercy from the hands of an hereditary legislature, should he need it. The American residents at Canton and Shanghai and Hong Kong speak in the highest praise of his firm but temperate conduct.

FRANCE.

HOW TO PURIFY A CHURCH.

The Church of St. Etienne du Mont, where the Paris Archbishop was murdered, has been purified, and is all right again. The way the matter was managed was this:

Mgr. de Bonnechose, Bishop of Evreux, presided. The porch and side walls of the church were hung with mourning. The chapter and curés were in full canonicals, with violet stole. While all parties were ranging themselves opposite the principal entrance and along the sides of the open space, the *bourdon*, or great bell, of Notre Dame broke solemnly on the ear. The bells of St. Etienne did not ring until the purification was accomplished. The presiding bishop was in full episcopal dress, with the mitre on his head and the crozier in his hand.

The ceremony commenced by a profuse sprinkling of holy water. The *Miserere* was chanted, during which the bishop and his attendants moved in full procession round the church. From time to time holy water was sprinkled on the exterior of the church by the bishop. Then the litanies were chanted, the clergy of St. Etienne and the Metropolitan Chapter being on their knees—the bishop being engaged at the time without. While the litanies were going on, however, he returned, sprinkling, on his entrance, water, salt, ashes, and wine on the threshhold. On arriving at that part of the nave where the crime was committed, the procession, with the bishop at its head, knelt down and sung three times the *Parce Domine*. In the mean time the altars were arranged, and a procession was formed to go for the Host and sacred vessels, which had been placed in a building detached from the church. On their arrival they were placed on the principal altar, and a mass was performed. This terminated the ceremony, which lasted about two hours.

THE MURDERER DECLINES HAVING ANY THING TO DO WITH LAWYERS.

Verges, the assassin, having been asked, according to law, if he had made a choice of an advocate to defend him, has answered that he did not require one, as it was his intention to defend himself. In consequence, the President of the Assizes for the session in which he is to be tried has officially directed M. Nogent Saint-Laurent to act as his advocate. It has been decided that M. Delargle, First President of the Imperial Court, shall preside at the trial, and that M. Vaisse, Procureur-General, supports the prosecution.

COUNT MORNY GETS MARRIED.

Count Morny, the French Embassador to St. Petersburg, and the "great speculator," has married a charming Russian Princess. Her name is Sophie Troubetzkoi. She is eighteen years of age, has only left the convent school two months, and is said to be one of the handsomest young women among the aristocracy of Russia. She is a blonde, with dark eye-lashes and eye-brows. She has no fortune of consequence, and was intended as a Maid of Honor to the Empress of Russia, to whom her family are particularly dear, but she was so beautiful that the shrewd Marie declared she wouldn't receive her into her family on any account. The match has given great satisfaction to the Imperial family of Russia, as well as to that of France.

It is said that Count Morny gave her two million worth of diamonds on the wedding day, most of which he won in bets that he would get married.

DISRAELI IN PARIS.

It is said that the Ministers of Louis Napoleon have frequently consulted Mr. Disraeli, who is now in Paris, on the Swiss question. The Emperor himself has paid him the most marked attention, and more than once solicited him to express his opinion freely on the state of affairs. He looks considerably worn by the political excitement he has passed through of late years. The jet black hair seems as black as ever, but the crop is by no means so luxuriant. The Jewish physiognomy, as he grows older, becomes more and more characteristic. The eyes are especially Hebrewistic. His complexion is a sallow brown, but regularly smooth and childlike, and altogether he reminds one more of a large school-boy than of one whose words have echoed to the farthest ends of the world, and shook from his throne England's greatest statesman. His voice is peculiarly soft, and his manner more subtle and cautious than seems consistent with very large breadth of mind. His wife is evidently a person of superior mind. She is some ten years older than himself, if one may judge from appearances, but I should conceive of invaluable use to a man carving his way, like Disraeli, to place and power. She is plain in features, with a coarse, yellow skin, but her ears and eyes are every where; not a sound or a circumstance escapes her where there is the slightest chance of realizing political capital; and the moment she has got hold of it, she is off instanter to fetch her husband to clinch the nail she has partially driven. She calls her husband "Dizzy," and her handwriting is of that masculine character, and her expression of that diplomatic terseness, which bespeak her peculiar order of mind. She was originally the wife of Mr. Windham, and by her influence brought in Disraeli on the radical interest, as his colleague for the borough of Maidstone. Afterward becoming a widow, with £5000 a year, she became Mrs. Disraeli, and no doubt gave her husband support and encouragement when he uttered his philippics against Peel.

THE PARISIANS ARE GETTING USED TO THE BABY.

The little Prince Imperial bursts upon the people of Paris like a rainbow every day, with his dashing cavalcade of guides; and as by use eels are said to be accustomed to skinning, so do the republican prejudices which seemed at first greatly shocked by the devotion of so much horse-flesh, so many gallant men, and such a splendid equipage, to the services of one not yet old enough for a rocking-horse, appear to be gradually fading away, and a notion would seem to be establishing itself that people will, by degrees, come to look upon the child as born of another clay—seeing that it never appears abroad like any other that was born of woman, and believing that in its person the revival of a dynasty greater than that of Charlemagne is to take place. Frenchmen are every day beginning to rate the gallant cortége, which they at first derided, as properly part of the play.

FIGHT WITH A WOLF.

The other day, near Bagneres de Luchon, in France, a maker of wooden shoes was proceeding toward his house at a rather late hour at night, when suddenly he found himself face to face with a wolf. He stood still for a moment horror-struck, but then turned round and took to flight. The wolf dashed after him, and a regular steeple-chase across the fields commenced, the animal keeping close behind, but apparently afraid to attack. The man began to feel exhausted, when he saw a dark shadow before him, and thinking assistance was at hand he called loudly for help. It was, however, only a tree. To keep himself from falling, he laid hold of it, and making a half turn, again found himself in front of his pursuer, but protected by the tree. At this moment he remembered a circumstance which his fright had before made him forget—that he had with him a very formidable weapon, an iron instrument used in hollowing out wooden shoes. Rallying all his courage he made a blow at the wolf and struck it violently in the side, which felled it to the ground. The man, seizing the opportunity, took to flight and reached his home in safety. On returning to the spot the following morning, the wolf was found dead at the foot of the tree.

RATS WITH TRUNKS.

A man named Girome, a Zouave, was tried lately by the tribunal of police at Paris for swindling. A person named Triquel stated that he is a great fancier of curious animals, and that the prisoner one day came to him, and offered for sale a rat with a trunk. As he had never seen or even heard of such an animal, he asked to see it, and the man showed him a large rat, which had on its snout a long excrescence. He could hardly believe his eyes, and to satisfy himself that he was not the victim of fraud, he pricked the trunk with a pin; the animal uttered a cry, and a drop of blood fell. Convinced by this that the trunk was real, he paid 50 francs for the rat, and he subsequently gave another 50 francs for a female, in order to increase the breed. He expected to render himself famous by bringing to the knowledge of the public a species of rat of which neither Buffon nor any other naturalist had made mention; but, to his mortification, his two rats with trunks produced young without any. He one day described his rats to an officer who had served in Africa, and the latter burst into a roar of laughter. Having asked the cause of his mirth, the officer told him that no such things as rats with trunks existed, and that they were an invention of the Zouaves. "An invention of the Zouaves!" cried the perplexed naturalist; "why, how can that be?" The officer then related to him that the Zouaves are accustomed to take two rats, and fasten them to a flat board, the snout of one toward the tail of the other; they then cut a hole in the snout of the second rat, and insert the tail of the first into it; they then bind the snout up, and leave the two rats together for forty-eight hours; by that time the tail has become firm in the incision; and they then separate the two rats by cutting off the tail of the first at a small distance from the snout of the other. The second thus remains ornamented with a trunk, and in about a month the incision in the snout is perfectly healed, so that the trunk appears part and parcel of the animal. Indignant at this imposture, the complainant had the Zouave arrested as a swindler. The tribunal, however, did not consider it swindling, and dismissed the case.

THE CHURCH MOST FREQUENTED BY AMERICANS IN PARIS.

A letter writer from Paris says:

"On last Sunday morning eighty-seven American ladies and gentlemen were presented by our Minister to the Emperor and Empress, in the Salle des Marechaux, at the Tuileries. The Imperial decree, which requires that all ladies should appear at the evening receptions in trains, would exclude many who are desirous of witnessing the ceremonies of a court from the possibility of a presentation had not the Empress kindly consented to receive foreigners at a morning levee, when a full-dress carriage toilet is the costume prescribed by etiquette.

Our fair countrywomen displayed their usual good taste in the choice of their attire. There were magnificent *moire antiques*, some plain and others with broad stripes round the dress. Those of a light color have white stripes, on which are bouquets or wreaths of flowers in gay shades; when dark the stripes are of the same shade, in bright satin; also magnificent gray, violet, pink, or blue Lyons silks, a disposition in satin or velvet stripes of a contrasting color, and edged with silk fringes; bonnets of lace of the richest description, decorated with feathers or flowers; mantles of embroidered velvet, with deep lace volants covering the skirt of the robe like a tunic, and India cashmeres of the finest texture and most brilliant hues."

THE MONARCHISTS WON'T COALESCE.

Poor old M. Guizot, who is trying to rehabilitate himself by writing books and Review articles in praise of his old policy, hardly seems to be succeeding. He lately called on his old rival, M. Thiers, but it is said, his suggestions for an understanding between the different fractions of the monarchial parties were very coldly received by M. Thiers.

A VERY PRUDENT, JUDICIOUS MATCH.

On the 29th of December last, a town in the north of France was quite *en fête* on account of the marriage of Mdlle. Eugénie D——, the only daughter of a manufacturer of the neighborhood, with M. Charles V——, the son of a wealthy merchant of Paris. The marriage was one of prudence and arrangement rather than of love. All the questions of interest had been carefully attended to, but the point of mutual inclination was totally neglected. Every one seemed gay and happy, except the bride. However, the ceremony took place, and a wedding banquet followed, the whole being terminated by a splendid ball. The festivities were drawing to a close, when a servant informed the bridegroom that a gentleman desired to speak with him on a very urgent affair. The bridegroom went out, and did not return for the rest of the evening. The guests, one by one, retired, but the husband still remained absent, and at last, long after midnight, the bride withdrew to her chamber. There she at once discovered the cause of her husband's absence, for on the table by the bedside she found a small parcel and the following note from her husband:

"MADAME: If I had no right in marrying you to expect a sincere affection, since we were but little acquainted with each other, I, however, looked for a heart which had never throbbed for another, and which I might by assiduity and tenderness in the end make my own. But a long series of letters from you to another man have just been placed in my hand—letters which prove, that if you gave me your hand, your affection has been given to another, I can not, Madame, accept such an arrangement, and, as I am unable to rend asunder the bonds which have joined us a few hours since, I am determined to protest at least by my absence against the union which I have contracted; and the first day of your marriage shall be the first also of a widowhood which shall only terminate by the death of one of us. Adieu, Madame, forever!"

The next morning the house of the rich manufacturer was plunged into consternation, for the bride was found dead in her room from the fumes of lighted charcoal. On the table lay the parcel of letters transmitted by her husband, and near them the following note:

"MONSIEUR: It is I who am in the wrong, and it is I, therefore, who ought to offer a reparation. I give you the only one that is in my power: I restore to you your liberty, and I expire imploring your pardon."

GERMANY.

THE STEAM-ENGINE CONTRABAND IN GERMANY.

At Königsberg, lately, there was to be a lecture delivered upon the steam-engine before an audience of admiring mechanics; as usual, there was a policeman present to ascertain that no political sentiments were expressed. The lecturer commenced an eloquent exordium to the effect that no conqueror of ancient or modern times, neither Alexander the Great, nor Julius Cæsar, nor Napoleon, was so great a conqueror as James Watt. So far had he got with his lecture when the policeman came down on him with one fell swoop, and put a stop to the evening's entertainment, declaring that his duty did not admit of his any further permitting this political discourse.

RUSSIA.

SHAMEFUL TREATMENT OF AMERICANS BY THE RUSSIANS.

The steamer *America* was taken by an American crew from San Francisco to the Amoor River. The engineer gives the following story of the voyage:

We started from San Francisco with the *America* on the 20th June, 1855. We arrived at Honolulu on the 4th July, and sailed thence on the 12th July for Nicoloffsky, Amoor River, stopping on the way at Hakodadi, in one of the Japanese Islands.

COULDN'T GET ANY THING TO EAT.

On the arrival at Nicoloffsky, the crew were employed by the Governor to navigate the *America* to a fort further up on the Amoor River, and were to receive pay to that place, and thence were to be conveyed back to an American port as passengers, having been given to understand that they would have the same food as that furnished on the *America*. They went on shore on the 10th of September and remained until the 14th. They complain that during their sojourn on shore, the food furnished them by the Russians was unfit for use, being jerked beef put up with garlic, and salt beef soup, and that being unable to eat this kind of food, they were compelled to trade off their clothing for food that they could eat, viz., salmon and hard bread, though the *America* had on board a plentiful supply of beef, pork, bread and preserved meats, etc., stored for the purpose of supplying the crew back to San Francisco. On the 14th of September they again went on board the *America*, and navigated her to a point eighty miles above Nicoloffsky, and were then reshipped on the Russian transport *Dwina*. During the return trip to Nicoloffsky, the crew of the *America* were left without any provisions whatsoever, and were obliged to take what they required forcibly, and cook it themselves. Captain Hudson of the *America*, and the third engineer, accompanied the crew down the river on the *Dwina*, and then left for Ayan, with the intention of proceeding through Russia home. From the 16th to the 27th of September they lay on board the *Dwina* at Nicoloffsky, and after taking in ballast, sailed for Petropoloski. Arrived there on the 13th of November, and staid there till the 25th of the same month; while at Petropoloski, the officers and crew received permission to live on shore, and lived at their own expense, receiving from the ship only hard bread, garlic, beef, and a substance called butter. On the 28th of November proceeded again to sea, and arrived at San Francisco on the 1st of January.

TREATED LIKE NEGROES IN A SLAVER.

The portion of the ship allotted to them, brings forcibly to mind the Slave-trade in its worst form. It is stated by them that they were located amid-ships, in a place where but very little light entered. They numbered twenty-seven, and the place which they had for swinging twenty-seven hammocks, eating, storing baggage and rations, was only twenty-one feet long, seven wide, and six and a half feet high. After the hammocks were swung the average room was about four feet, and in some instances only two. From the officers of the *Dwina* they received neither beds nor blankets, though the most of the time the thermometer stood at freezing point. The crew, with the exception of the officers, were only allowed a round wooden tub, called in the Russian language "bock," and out of this they were obliged to take their meals, by means, as they express it themselves, of "a knife here and a spoon there," no general supply of these very necessary articles having been furnished. It is also stated by our informant that the crew purchased provisions from the American clipper-ship *Europa*, while at the Amoor River, consisting of flour, tea, sugar, and cheese, and that, after, having worked the flour into dough, they were obliged by the First Lieutenant to throw it all overboard, with the exception of the first batch, though at the time the purchase was made they received permission to bake. We give the above statement as taken down by us from one of the engineers of the *America*, and would state in addition, that if only one-tenth of what they state be correct, their sufferings at the hands of the Russians must have been intolerable. We hope the matter will be inquired into.

PERSIA.

THE PERSIAN WAR ALL ABOUT A LADY.

The *London Times* says, the farce of saying that the war with Persia is about Herat has been kept up long enough. As the quarrel has been related in the language of diplomacy, and as it will soon be in the blue-books, we need only repeat the principal fact, that the British Minister had the indiscretion to extend the British ægis to a lady of indifferent character, claimed by a member of the Persian Court; and on refusing to give up the lady to the outraged feelings and the violated law of the country, had himself, as a matter of course, to retire from it. We are told that first-rate Oriental authorities, with a full knowledge of the case, have declared that the British Minister was unquestionably wrong, and that Persia had no alternative but to do as she did.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA'S SON.

The death of the eldest son of the Shah of Persia was marked by very distressing circumstances. The Court had just returned from the sovereign's summer residence at Goolahek, where it had passed all the hot season, when the young prince fell ill, and at the end of three days was carried off by brain fever. Although only eight years of age, he spoke French, English, and Russian, in addition to his native tongue, and was of remarkable intelligence for his age. He was to have proceeded within a year to Europe, under the guidance of a governor, and with a suite in accordance with his elevated rank. His father loved him better than any of his other children, and seems quite borne down by his untimely death. The young prince was the son of the Princess Kaubel la Knanoum, one of the four akdees or lawful wives of the Shah, and she is also overwhelmed with grief. A magnificent funeral was given to the deceased, and a monument is to be erected to him near the grand mosque of Ali. This misfortune has thrown a gloom over the whole city, and interfered considerably with every kind of business.

CHINA.

HOW THE AMERICANS STORMED THE BARRIER FORTS.

We have details of this operation by the mails from Europe. It seems that as soon as a plan of operations had been agreed upon by the three commanders, the *Cum-fa* towed the *Levant* into a position much nearer the forts, the Barrier stakes alone preventing further progress. The boats of both ships were then manned with a storming party, and the capture of the fort at the entrance of Fidler's Reach resolved on. At 8 A.M., the little *Cum-fa* (under the able direction of Volunteer Captain W. M. Robinet), with the launches and cutters in tow, started for the fort under cover of the *Levant's* guns, and in the face of a galling fire from the three forts. The shot whistled and roared over and around her, but she escaped without injury and returned to the ships unscathed, after having been exposed to a sharp fire for upward of an hour, amidst the hearty cheers and congratulations of all hands. But not so with the boats. A large eight-inch shot struck the *San Jacinto's* launch, in charge of First Lieutenant Lewis of that ship, on the starboard bow, killing one man instantly, mortally wounding two others, who died shortly afterward, and wounding two or three slightly. The shot was a hollow one, and after striking the bread bag in the stern of the boat, quietly reposed there, and remains a captive to the boat's company. The landing was effected without further trouble, and although the men had to cross a deep ditch up to their knees, and some to their waistbands, the stars and stripes were upon the fort in ten minutes. The landing party reached the fort with but one man injured by a rocket from the retreating Chinese.

The party entered the fort at about nine o'clock, and the work of destruction commenced. The buildings were all set fire to and destroyed; powder and shot thrown into the river, and every thing that could be burned was destroyed. Such guns as could be burst were sent into fragments; those that could not were spiked, trunnions blown off, and so defaced as to be made useless.

JOHN CHINAMAN QUITE ABLE TO DEFEND HIMSELF.

The Barrier Fort mounted 48 guns, none of which were less than 24 pounders, and some as high as 40 catties. Two of them were beautiful brass guns, which the landing party turned upon the opposite forts with much effect, to which, however, the Chinese replied with vigor, but without loss to the American side. Three of the four forts were captured with the loss of five killed and five wounded on boat and shore duty, and two wounded on board the ships. The *Levant* suffered but little: two shots in her hull, one through into the berth-deck, mainstay shot away, and one thirty-two pounder materially injured by a round shot striking the muzzle of the gun and splitting it to the muzzle ring. One man lost the calf of his leg by a cannon-ball. This last fort contained thirty-eight guns, some of which were of enormous calibre, and the eastern embrasure or approach from Whampoa was defended by a veritable leviathan gun, made of brass or copper, eight inches in the bore and twenty-four feet in length, its construction showing marks of it being of recent casting (within a few years), and upon an improved model.

SANDWICH ISLANDS.

A KING BUYING POTATOES.

King Kamehameha has written a letter to the native paper which is certainly without parallel in the records of royal correspondence. He says: "On my arrival at Kalaupapa, I noticed a vessel at anchor there, and I inquired, 'Whose vessel is that?' The reply was, 'It belongs to Kawana, a native, and it has come here to purchase potatoes of the natives.' On hearing this, I thought I also will purchase potatoes, and accordingly I inquired at once the price of potatoes per barrel. I was informed that the price was from seventy-five cents to one dollar per barrel. The arrangement was soon made for trading with those who had the potatoes, and it was settled that the potatoes should be brought on board the following morning. The next morning one of my fellow-traders came to me and said, 'We have consulted together respecting our potato trade, and we propose to give you as many potatoes as you wish.' On hearing this I hesitated much what to do, because I had two vessels at anchor there, and I thought within myself, 'What a great sacrifice they (the people) will make!' So I refused their offer, saying, 'I have money, and you have potatoes—now let me have the potatoes and you take the money.' They replied, 'The potatoes are for you; but the man who shall bring us the money for them, both himself and the money will we throw into the sea.' After this I yielded to them, and here I have the potatoes in my possession. And 'aloha' I return. I wish you to communicate the same to those who were so generous to me."

HAVANA.

A SPANIARD PAYS A NEGRO TO PUT OUT A MAN'S EYES.

There is much talk at Havana just now about the case of a man named Fresneda, who has been tried for having paid a negro to throw vitriol into the eyes of a young Spaniard. The negro obeyed his instructions so well that the poor fellow has entirely lost the use of his eyes. He is only twenty-five years old. It seems that he was in love with this Fresneda's mulatto servant, and bought her freedom of her master for the sum of $700. The villainous master, incensed at being obliged to sell her against his will, determined to take revenge on his victim. Too cowardly to do the deed himself, he paid a hired assassin. But Providence sometimes discovers the secret plots of the wicked when they least expect it. The circumstantial evidence was so strong against Fresneda that he has been condemned to three years' hard labor in the chain-gang, and to settle upon the unfortunate Spaniard a pension of $1000 annually in real estate. This trial has excited a good deal of curiosity, as the accused party stands high in society, and, moreover, commands a large purse. It is pretty generally believed that this sentence will be confirmed by the Superior Court.

NICARAGUA.

SAILING OF RECRUITS FOR WALKER.

The steamship *Tennessee* has sailed from New York for Nicaragua with 250 emigrants for Walker. The *Texas* sailed from New Orleans on 28th ult. with 400 recruits. The *Tennessee* was delayed, and some persons were arrested by the U. S. Marshals on suspicion of filibusterism—among others a Captain Farnum of the Nicaraguan army. When he was arrested, the following dialogue took place:

DEPUTY MARSHAL THOMPSON. "Captain Farnum, I regret to have to inform you, sir, that you have been placed under arrest, and must consider yourself in my custody."

CAPTAIN FARNUM. "What do you mean? For what am I arrested?"

MR. THOMPSON. "That, sir, I can not say at present, but acting under the orders of the regularly constituted authorities, I am, however unwillingly, obliged to put you under arrest."

CAPTAIN FARNUM. "Then, sir, I have got to say that if you arrest me you do so at your peril."

MR. THOMPSON. "I can't help that, sir. I am the agent of the government, and in doing this am acting under official orders."

CAPTAIN FARNUM. "In saying that you arrest me at your peril, you must not regard me as using that word in a belligerent sense, for I do not so intend it. I mean that if you arrest me you shall be held to a strict accountability for what you do."

MR. THOMPSON. "Yes, sir; I understood you perfectly, and did not regard it as at all personal, or as meant in an offensive sense."

CAPTAIN FARNUM. "It is certainly very annoying to be stopped on my return to my own country. It is little less than tyrannic on the part of the United States government. Here am I, an officer in the service of Nicaragua, on leave of absence, and when that leave of absence has expired, I am prevented from returning by an official order from another government."

MR. THOMPSON. "Sorry, sir; but we are, as I said, simply acting under orders. We are but the officers of the law, and have no discretion of our own."

CAPTAIN FARNUM. "What is the difference between my case and that of an English or French officer under the same circumstances? Would your government interfere with their return at the expiration of their leave of absence? I should think not; and mine is certainly a parallel case."

The Deputy Marshal shrugged his shoulders, looked as affable as ever, and said that until he received further orders he should have to retain him in custody.

A FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE IN WALKER'S CAMP.

Two years ago an actor, named Bingham, was shot in the city of Panama. From the effect of this shot Bingham was laid up, in Panama, for about seven weeks, and completely lost the use of his lower limbs; nor has he at any time since been able to walk. Recovering sufficiently to be moved, he came on to New York, physically helpless, and completely destitute of funds.

His wife, who was playing at some provincial theatre, now heard of the arrival of her husband, and, as soon as possible, joined him. Mrs. Bingham procured employment at the Bowery Theatre, and endeavored to support her husband and three children, all of whom were entirely dependent on her exertions. After struggling in this way for some months, the Bowery Theatre was closed, and with it her only means of sustenance. During the past year, Bingham and his family occupied wretched apartments in a tenement-house in Stanton Street, and, after the theatrical resource failed, were obliged to rely for subsistence on the voluntary contributions of friends and public charity. In August last, Mrs. Bingham was confined. Deprived of her assistance, the family was almost reduced to starvation. Frequently, Mr. Bingham relates, he passed thirty-six and forty-eight hours without tasting a morsel of food, and knew of no source from which relief would come. The Baptist Society in Stanton Street contributed something to their support, and a trifling aid came from members of his own profession. Two of the children, boys, aged eight and ten years, were taken by the proprietor of a traveling circus, who agreed to support them for their services, such as they might be.

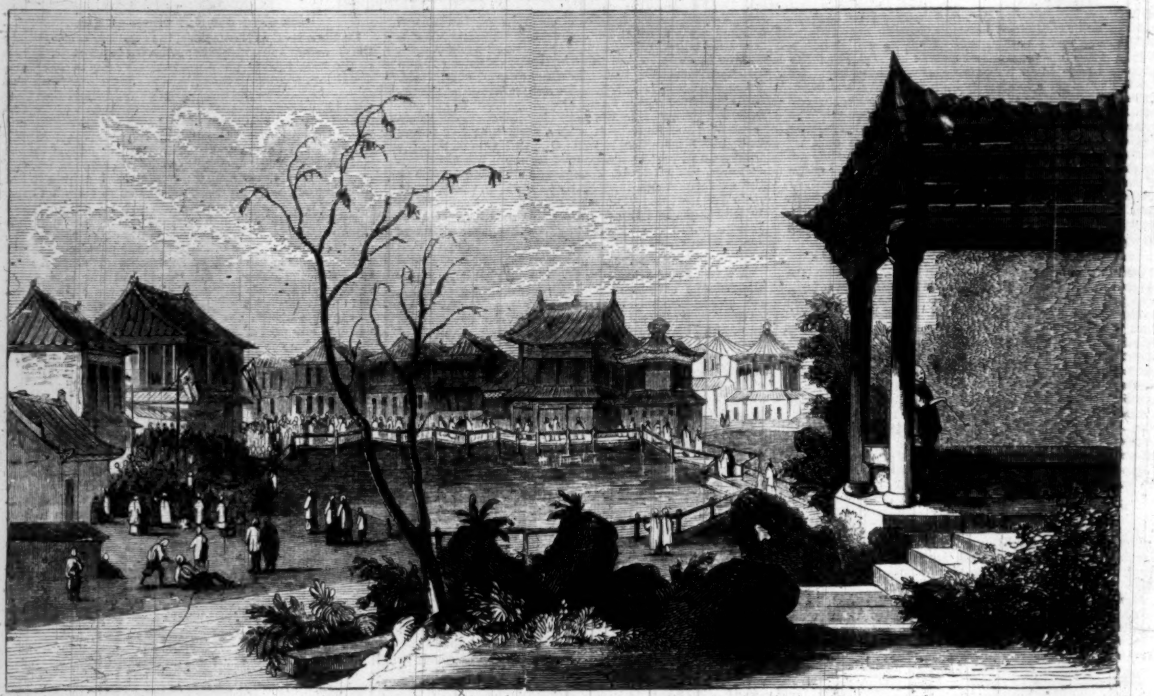
The mother at length became well enough to go out, and spent several days in the futile attempt to procure work.

At length when the hope of bearing up against misfortune was almost exhausted, she came across the advertisement of the Nicaraguan Agency, which offered to every emigrant who would go to Nicaragua a free passage and a certain number of acres of land. Mr. Bingham being well enough in body, except that his lower limbs were useless, and thinking he could teach school or otherwise employ himself in Nicaragua—that, at all events, he was no more likely to starve there than here, concluded to take his family thither as soon as possible.

Of Bingham nothing has been heard since he went to Nicaragua. From the time of her arrival Mrs. Bingham has occupied herself with attending to the sick and the wounded of General Walker's army, braving all the perils of camp diseases, every where bestowing on the invalid soldiers such kind attentions and careful treatment as to elicit the deepest gratitude and the most friendly regard.

But her brave devotion in the hospitals proved fatal to herself at length—the intelligence arriving by the last steamer that she had sickened from the prevalent fever and died.

A CHINESE SPORTSMAN.



TEA GARDENS AT SHANGHAI.

THE GREAT CHINESE PUZZLE.

THIRTY dollars reward—in good hard specie—are offered by the Governor of Canton for the head of every Anglo-Saxon. The invitation is especially directed at the "English rascals;" but Governor Yeh himself declares, in an official paper, that the Chinese "can not be expected to discriminate between Englishmen and Americans," and his troops have justified the declaration by firing upon an American steamer, upon an American pleasure party, and upon the sentinels on duty before the American factories; and further, by decapitating some unfortunate Americans who fell into their hands.

The price is low, certainly. History tells of times when fair-haired scalps fetched higher figures. But then the supply is large, and, considering the industry of the Chinese, his Excellency Governor Yeh may naturally anticipate that his market will be glutted. There are a good many Americans and English in China.

Up to the present time we are not aware that the Governor has laid out more than ninety dollars in head-money. His disbursements may have been larger, but we are not aware of the fact. Three heads only—apparently American—figured on the walls of Canton on 2d November.

Meanwhile, we have every reason to believe that the city of Canton is in the hands of the English, and that a correspondence, in purport somewhat as follows, has passed between Governor Yeh and his master the Emperor:

GOVERNOR YEH TO THE EMPEROR.

I have again been compelled to chastise the insolence of the foreign barbarians. Having seized a lorcha, on board of which I found three rebels, I had their heads taken off directly; and when the Consul Parkes, one of the English robbers, remonstrated that the vessel was under foreign colors, I treated him with the contempt he deserved. As, however, the said Consul, and the other robber, Admiral Seymour, threatened violence, in my great clemency and desire to save the barbarians' lives, I sent back nine of the men seized; but my dignity would not permit me to tender any apologies, which the robbers had the audacity to demand. The Admiral then proceeded to attack the town with his great guns. In the first battle, we defeated the barbarians utterly. In the second, we blew up twenty-nine of their ships. In the third, we put to death all their chief officers. The fourth attack was for us an occasion of great triumph: six British regiments remained in our hands as prisoners. The barbarians, with incredible impudence, and great masses of men, still persisted in assailing us; we slaughtered them heavily. At last, weary of slaughter, and the smoke of the enemy's guns blowing in our faces so that we could not see, we permitted them to take one or two of the forts on the river, and also to enter a part of the city. This we did in order to overwhelm them the more completely at our leisure.

THE EMPEROR TO THE GOVERNOR.

Yeh has done well. Let the decrees of Heaven be fulfilled, and the foreign barbarians be swept from the earth. Let there be no rest so long as any barbarian lives on the soil of the Central Kingdom. Respect this!

If any one is disposed to consider the above correspondence an exaggeration, we advise him to read the Chinese dispatches which were intercepted by the English during the opium war, and translated by the Rev. Dr. Gutzlaff. It need hardly be said that Dr. Gutzlaff's name is a perfect warranty of their authenticity.

One of the ablest of the Chinese generals during the war was Yukien, the Governor of Keangsoo. When he was appointed to his post, and warned to prepare for hostilities, he wrote to the Emperor to say that he "looked upon these enemies as bulrushes, having from his youth upward read military treatises;" he longed "to flay them alive and sleep upon their skins," and having caught a poor Englishman, he gratified his desire; he advised the Emperor to "beggar the English first, and then grant them peace out of mere compassion;" he announced that "about a thousand English soldiers died in consequence of drinking water which the inhabitants had poisoned—these inhabitants who so meritoriously exerted themselves to accelerate the death of the enemy by poison ought to be rewarded, and" he "subjoined their names;" finding a British carronade with the usual British navy mark, he instantly had all the Chinese guns marked in like manner, in the belief that the inscription was magical; when Chusan was taken in about three hours, he reported that after "utterly defeating" the enemy twice, they had returned a third time, and the garrison, "after six days' hard fighting, and strewing the ground with their corpses, had at last been obliged to retreat," and he added that when he "heard this, his hair stood on end at the daring of the villains;" when Tinghae fell, he proclaimed that "the barbarians had become outrageous, and had raised a general indignation against them;" he still swore that he would "exterminate the foreign robbers;" but when the attack on Chinhae began, his prudence got the mastery, he ran away at the beginning of the action, tumbled into a canal, was nearly drowned, and, as soon as he was fished out, committed suicide by swallowing gold-leaf.

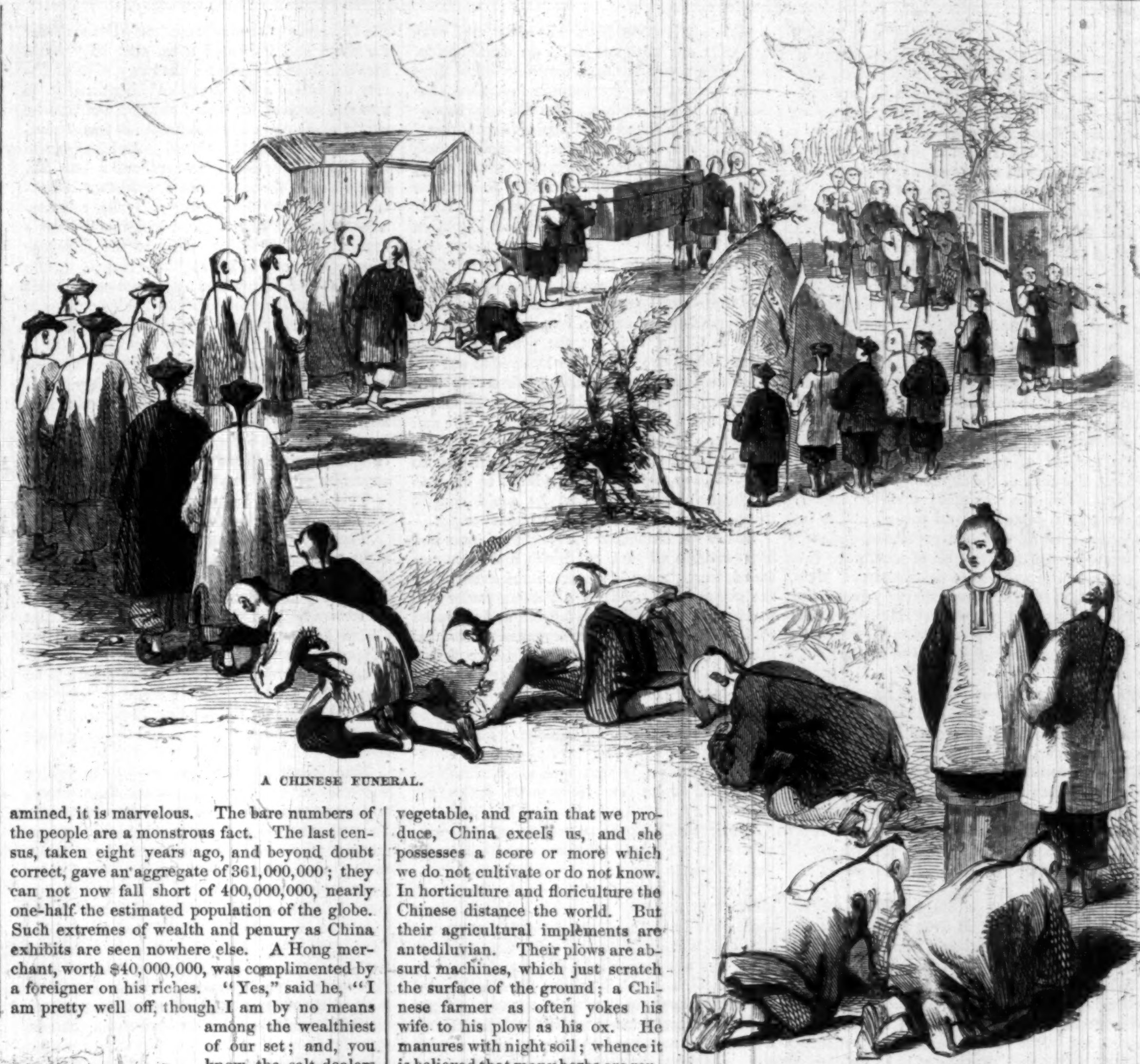
The imperial dispatches were as good. When the English, after taking some forts, sent to say they were ready to negotiate, the Emperor replied: "If the barbarians will repent, become humble and submissive, they may still obtain a share of the tender favor of our celestial dynasty." As the English showed no such contrite spirit, but went on taking forts and towns, the Emperor wrote to say that "he would sweep them from the earth," and ordered his officers to "send their heads to Pekin in baskets." No baskets arriving and more towns falling, the Emperor again declared that "nothing remained but to exterminate the English." Every officer sent him false reports, poor man; and in the teeth of such losses as the forts on the Canton River, he was constantly writing, "The reckless barbarians are at last punished for their enormous crimes. There must be no peace with the detestable robbers, no trade granted." Even when a glimmering of the truth reached him, he wrote, "Our display of martial courage has reduced the enemy to the utmost straits. It appears that your policy did not permit you to exclude them altogether (they were in possession of all the forts); but if they show the least arrogance, slay them with your army." When the English prepared to march northward, he called on the militia simply to "exterminate them." Hostilities having begun in the north, he dispatched a number of Chinese to join the enemy as pretended deserters, proclaiming that "he who betrays one of the great barbarian chiefs shall receive the rank of a mandarin, but for giving up an inferior devil he shall receive

A CHINESE EXPRESS.

A CHINESE WEDDING PROCESSION.

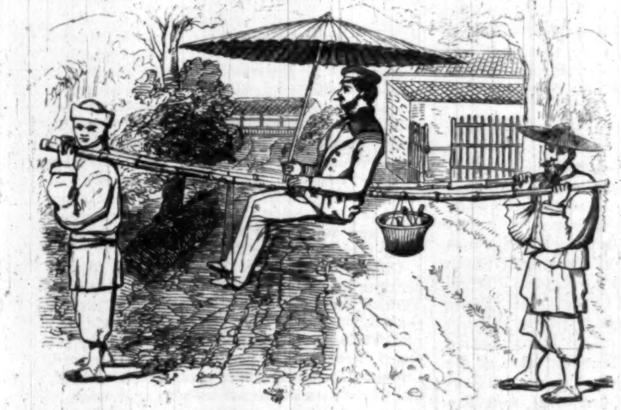
money." It was not till the enemy were within a few days' march of the capital and Nankin was invested, that the mandarins told the truth and the Emperor consented to spare the lives of the barbarians and pay up.

A wonderful people these Chinese, in every point of view! Some writers speak of them as half civilized; over-civilized would be the better word. They remind one of the Romans under the empire. They are, perhaps, the most lettered nation under the sun. Five thousand is said to be the number of their classical authors; and to be the author of a popular book is so small an honor that but few literati affix their names to their works. Yet they honor letters; scholarship is the only channel to civil office under government. In point of religion, they are what the Abbé Lamennais would call indifferentists. They concur in the famous proclamation of the Emperor Yoang-tching, in which he reviews all the known religions—Christianity, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, the system of Laotze, and that of Confucius—and deliberately pronounces them all impostures, and advises his people to have nothing to do with any of them. When they persecute the Jesuits and roast them alive, as they did to three eminent fathers a few years ago at Ou-chang-foo, and quite lately to the Abbé Chastelaine, they regard them as foreign intriguers, not as Christians. There are near a million of Chinese Christians (independently of the servants of the Protestant missionaries in the sea-ports, who get their board and pocket-money by being baptized) in the empire; they are not troubled in the exercise of their faith; but the general idea—for which the old Jesuits are responsible—is that all hearty Christians are subjects of the Emperor of France; and hence any political movement of the Chinese proselytes is narrowly watched, and harshly judged.



A CHINESE FUNERAL.

A very fair notion of the Chinese mind, in reference to religion, can be derived from the invocation of the Dragon of Rain. In seasons of drought, this dragon is invoked; strips of yellow paper with messages for the dragon are pasted on every house. Once, when the drought was prolonged to an unusual period, the Emperor issued a decree exiling the dragon to the border of Turkestan. But the judges of the Supreme Court of Pekin interceded for the poor dragon on their knees. His Majesty re-



NEAREST APPROACH TO A RAILWAY IN CHINA.

lented. A decree was issued pardoning the dragon, and a courier was sent off at full speed to revoke the previous decree of exile. The Chinese tell this story as a capital joke; but, at the same time, to avoid trouble, they plaster their houses with yellow paper as heartily as ever.

In point of morals, the Chinese could hardly be more contemptible. Mr. Huc—by far the best witness we have—paints them as a nation of liars and cheats. From the Canton coolie to the mandarin with the peacock's feather, all are ready to commit the basest acts for money. Women have no souls in Chinese philosophy, and are therefore mere conveniences, with whom no crime can be committed and who have no honor to lose. All travelers concur in stating that the pornographic art has received a development in China which leaves European artists far behind; their light literature belongs to that class which our prudent tariff excludes from the country.

They are so industrious a people that farmers will till the side of a hill so steep that they can not stand upright without a cord round their waist; yet there is more waste land in China, proportionally, than in any country of Europe; and, with all their industry, there are perhaps more beggars in China, in proportion, than in any prosperous country in the world. All beggars are, or feign to be, objects of pity—halt, maimed, imbecile, or blind. In each province or city the beggars form a fraternity, with a king and subordinate officers. The king is ready to guarantee householders against the plague of beggars for a given sum; when he has received his toll, he fastens to the house a scroll which is a talisman against mendicants. People who do not pay the toll require to keep a stout servant to do battle with the sturdy beggars.

Whichever side of the Chinese nation is examined, it is marvelous. The bare numbers of the people are a monstrous fact. The last census, taken eight years ago, and beyond doubt correct, gave an aggregate of 361,000,000; they can not now fall short of 400,000,000, nearly one-half the estimated population of the globe. Such extremes of wealth and penury as China exhibits are seen nowhere else. A Hong merchant, worth $40,000,000, was complimented by a foreigner on his riches. "Yes," said he, "I am pretty well off, though I am by no means among the wealthiest of our set; and, you know, the salt-dealers do not think us rich enough to associate with them." By the side of this millionaire millions of Chinese work from year to year at four cents a day, and are able to support themselves and their family on three.

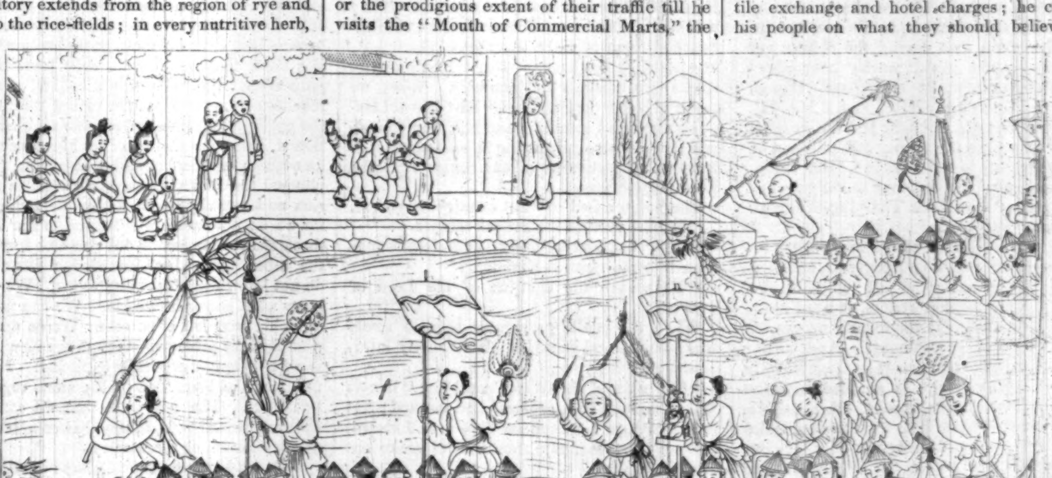
The opinion of the best political economists of China is, that foreign commerce is rather an injury than a benefit. But for their fear of the consequences, they would long since have put a stop to it altogether. At a pinch, they could do without the rest of the world; the loss of a market for a hundred millions' worth of their teas and silk would hardly be felt. Their internal traffic is so immense that a stoppage of the foreign trade would not be noticed more than an interruption of our trade with such a nation as Turkey might be felt here.

In the elements of material prosperity China is known to abound. Like the United States, her territory extends from the region of rye and barley to the rice-fields; in every nutritive herb, vegetable, and grain that we produce, China excels us, and she possesses a score or more which we do not cultivate or do not know. In horticulture and floriculture the Chinese distance the world. But their agricultural implements are antediluvian. Their plows are absurd machines, which just scratch the surface of the ground; a Chinese farmer as often yokes his wife to his plow as his ox. He manures with night soil; whence it is believed that many herbs are rendered fatally noxious. He is the most observant of farmers; can tell each of the sixty-three varieties of Chinese bamboo at a glance, and knows which kinds of corn flower in the night, and which in the daytime; you can not find a piece of ground on which he will not grow something. But of all that science and ingenuity have done to economize labor and prevent waste he is ignorant.

Pass to manufactures. Neither Europe nor America has equaled China in crapes, certain kinds of silks, flowered satins, porcelain, nankeens, vases, bamboo furniture, and several varieties of cotton and flaxen goods. Their dyes, their paper, their ink, their lacquered work, their embroidery are feebly imitated abroad. And with all our machinery, we can not sell to China cheaper cottons or woolens than they can make for themselves. The trade has been forced, in order to save shipments of specie, and in the hope that a taste for foreign goods might be created; but the experiment has not succeeded, thus far.

Travelers say that a stranger who enters China, no matter from what side, will fancy himself at a great fair, so great is the concourse of people hurrying and bustling to and fro. Cities of one and two hundred thousand inhabitants meet him every day or two. But he will not realize the density of the population of China, or the prodigious extent of their traffic till he visits the "Mouth of Commercial Marts," the great city composed of Han-keou, Han-yang, and Ou-chang-fou, and situate nearly in the heart of the kingdom. We consider London, Paris, and New York large cities; they would be mere wards of this Chinese town. Eight millions is the monstrous figure at which its population is estimated. In the streets you can hardly walk for the throng; you fancy that every body is out of doors till you look into the workshops and see them crowded too, and glance at the fifteen thousand junks in the river which are likewise swarming with human beings. Fancy the product of the labor of eight millions of intelligent and industrious persons concentrated in one centre!

When we come to inquire how these four hundred millions of industrious farmers, and manufacturers, and traders are regulated socially, all former marvels sink into insignificance. It is said that the Chinese people is composed of thirty different races. To this day the Southrons acknowledge no affinity with the Northerners, and hate them. Yet the government is more highly centralized than any in the world, except, perhaps, Russia and France. The Emperor is the State. That *tutelle administrative* which has always been a marked feature of European despotisms, he exercises in the largest sense. He directs how corn is to be sown and junks steered; he regulates mercantile exchange and hotel charges; he counsels his people on what they should believe, and



A DRAGON-BOAT, OR MAN-OF-WAR.

how they should dress, and what they should eat; in theory, at least, he deprives them of every vestige of free-will. The only counterpoise to his authority is, first, the literary aristocracy, consisting of every one who can obtain a certain collegiate degree at the university; from this body the Emperor is bound to select his civil officers and magistrates; and secondly, the power of the mayors, who are freely elected by their constituencies, and who, with functions similar to those of police magistrates, are entitled to mediate between the officers of the Imperial Government and the people. We are not inclined to set much importance on these checks. With regard to the literati, the power of appointment and removal rests with the Emperor, without appeal; and though the mayors occasionally join issue with the Imperial magistrates, their authority seems limited to an officious remonstrance. The only substantial counterpoise to the absolute power of the Emperor is the *vis inertiæ* of the people.

The method of government is exceedingly simple. For each of the eighteen provinces the Emperor appoints a governor; this functionary has under him deputies, local sub-governors in the various districts of the provinces, judges, and military commanders, all of whom are responsible to him as he is to the Emperor. The only deviation from the centralizing principle is in the appointment of military men, in each province, by the Emperor; these are not responsible to the governor, but directly to the head of the state.

Such was the system of government which the Mantchoo Tartars found existing in China when they conquered it two centuries ago. Like other conquerors, they did not undertake to alter existing institutions. They preserved the centralization scheme intact. But, being far fewer in numbers than the nation they had subdued and undertook to rule, they introduced two new features into the system. The one, the rotation of magistrates; the other, the exclusion of foreigners.

They ordained that no magistrate, of whatever rank, should officiate over three years in the same place; and further, that he should never officiate in the place of his birth. A successful expedient, temporarily, for political ends. Residing nowhere long enough to gain public confidence, the magistrates would not become conspirators. But the converse of the theory held equally true. Residing nowhere long enough to make it an object to gain public esteem, the magistrates became universally corrupt. A confederacy of banditti M. Huc calls them; men who will commit, unblushingly, acts of which an American stage-driver or immigrant-runner would feel ashamed. One of them whom he knew, a very respectable man, was judge in his district. He kept a band of runners on foot to hunt up lawsuits for him, which he decided in favor of the suitor who gave him the largest bribe. When M. Huc ventured to hint something about tainting the fount of justice, he opened his mouth in astonishment.

"Why," said he, "it is legitimate to make money in trade: why not, then, in administering law and expounding the principles of justice?"

It is mainly from this source that the demoralization of the Chinese empire has flowed. The people have come to regard the government officials as their natural enemies, and have grown reckless and indifferent to political affairs altogether.

"My good friend," said a Chinese to a foreigner, who was questioning him about the affairs of the empire, "why trouble your head about these things? They are the business of the mandarins, who are paid for attending to them."

This might not matter much; but when the indifference is carried so far as to refuse to pay or fight for the government, it becomes serious. Now it is certain that during the opium war the Chinese never could muster over about 20,000 fighting men at one place, though 700,000 are on the army rolls, and it is equally notorious that the Emperor had the greatest difficulty in raising the twenty odd millions of dollars indemnity to the British. Here is tangible evidence of institutional weakness; and the progress of the robber Tae-ping-Wang affords more.

Again, the corruption of the magistrates involves the poverty of the government, and consequently the cessation of all public works. Under the centralization system, it need hardly be said that internal improvements are the peculiar work of government. And, under former dynasties, they were conscientiously performed. The empire is studded with the most marvelous bridges, towers, dikes, canals, and roads, all of which date from two centuries back. The present dynasty not only lays out no money on such works, but it can not keep in repair those which already exist. The great roads of China are rapidly becoming impassable; many of the canals are useless for want of repairs. Dikes, built at a cost of half a million on the Hoang-ho, would save a million worth of property and hundreds of lives every two or three years; but no one talks of constructing them.

Finally, decay is contagious. If you go into a rich Chinaman's house, you will find that his furniture, his vases, his works of art, and even his silks are antique; and, on examination, you will approve the taste which preferred them to the products of the modern factories. Industry is on the decline. Novelties are cheap: old wares command the "top of the market."

Such, then, is the nation with which we shall shortly be called upon to treat either as an enemy in the field, or as a friendly power with whom a new account must be opened. What is our duty to the Chinese as a great Christian nation?

This is hardly the place to allude to our duty as Christians in reference to propagandism. Into the vexed question of the expediency of propagandism, at such a cost as it might involve in China, it is not the province of this journal to enter; we gladly leave it to our religious contemporaries, merely observing that there was a time when the Emperor of China was, if not a Christian, at least the friend and protector of the Christians; and that the building appropriated to the Christian missionaries (Jesuits) was, by his orders, placed so close to the imperial residence that he could consult them at all times without inconvenience.

Before the Mantchoo conquest foreigners had free access to all parts of China; and when molested, were promptly protected and avenged by the government. When a Persian trader was wronged by some Chinese official, and appealed to the Emperor, the latter degraded the official instantly, adding: "You well deserve that I should put you to death. You have exposed me to the censure of a stranger who has visited many countries, and finally come to my empire in the hope of enjoying my benefits. You would, then, that this man on returning to these countries should say: 'I have been the victim of injustice in China, and they have stolen my goods!'"

Under the Mantchoos foreigners were only allowed to trade with Canton, and that under painful restrictions.

Since the English war foreigners have been allowed to trade to five ports. But of these three have been found comparatively unavailable, and absolutely unsafe; at Foo-chow-foo foreigners are exposed to insult and attack in broad daylight. At Shanghai the English and Americans have been more than once obliged to defend their property with rifle and revolver. At Canton the treaty has never been carried out. On the same principle which justified the Emperor in returning President Pierce's friendly letter unopened, the Governor of Canton will not suffer even the highest foreign official to enter his presence; and foreign residents are cooped up in a small suburb, and strictly forbidden to enter the city. The reason given for this violation of the treaty has been the animosity of the Chinese populace to foreigners. But we are justified in stating that this animosity—which the magistrates have done their best to excite in the sea-ports, and which manifests itself in the cries of the vagabond boys who follow foreigners in the sea-port streets, crying, "Foreign Devils, go to —!"—does not exist in the interior. Monsieur Huc, who traveled through the empire, and was known to be a Frenchman, never once met with serious insult, but was constantly surprised by manifestations of kindness.

We can not better illustrate the feelings of the Chinese of the interior with regard to foreigners than by referring to Monsieur Huc's trial at Tching-tou-fou. It will be remembered that he was brought to trial for being a suspicious character, whom the Chinese did not understand.

The crowd was immense, and not a few faces showed signs of sympathy with the "Devils from the Western sea." On entering the court, the executioners rattled their instruments of torture, and cried "Accused! on your knees! on your knees!" M. Huc and his friend stood stock still. The command was repeated. They remained motionless. Officers of the Court approached them to make them kneel down; M. Huc pushed them back, saying, "Every empire has its own customs and manners. When we appeared before the embassador Ki-Chan at Llassa, we remained standing, and Ki-Chan considered that we were only acting in reasonable conformity to the customs of our country." The tribunal gave way.

The judge asked of what country they were.

"We are men of the French empire."

"Why did you quit your noble country to come into the Central Kingdom?"

"To preach the doctrine of the Lord of Heaven."

When the public prosecutor became somewhat abusive and warm, M. Huc quietly interrupted him,

"We men of the West," said he, "like to discuss matters with coolness and method; but your language has been so diffuse and violent that we have scarcely been able to make out your meaning."

This turned the laugh against the official, and raised Huc in public opinion. Further inquiries were put to the prisoners as to what advantage the French could derive from proselytizing in China—what was the Christian doctrine, etc.—and then the judge observed that the prisoners must need rest, and adjourned the court. Mandarins crowded round the Frenchmen to assure them that their affairs were in prosperous condition. A few days afterward, the Governor of the province (Sse-schouen) sent for them and informed them that he "would forward them to Canton; that they were at liberty to remain a few days at Tching-tou-fou, to rest and prepare for their journey; and that he would give orders to enable them to travel comfortably." He kept his word. In his report to the Emperor, which afterward came into Mr. Huc's hands, there was not a word that indicated antipathy to foreigners; and the missionaries were uniformly treated with marked moderation. M. Huc had thought the governor was impertinent in his inquiries respecting the usual food of Frenchmen; he discovered on his journey that these inquiries had only been made in order to enable this kind Chinaman to furnish his guests with what they liked best. They were once insulted at Fou-hi-kien by a street vagabond. On going out to walk, they found the poor fellow with the *cangue*, or wooden collar, round his neck, and on the cangue this inscription: "Condemned to fifteen days of cangue for the offense of disrespect toward the strangers of the West."

This does not look as though the people of China were such haters of foreigners.

Theoretical politicians tell us that we have no right to interfere with the Chinese; and that if they shut us out, we must only grin and bear it. The practical man asks—What are we to do for tea? The philanthropist perceives that China happens to lack four things which we happen to possess in excess. 1st, steam machinery; 2d, vehicular conveyance (there is no post-office in China, and no mode of traveling faster than twenty miles a day, in palanquins or crazy boats); 3d, a reformed and stable government; and 4th, an influx of foreign ideas.

Now, whatever merit there may be in this or that view of the Chinese position in the abstract, it is quite plain that the Anglo-Saxon nations are not going to give up tea-drinking because Governor Yeh and Consul Parkes have fallen foul of each other. And, to the eye of every person with common sense, it is equally plain that the Chinese will not go on forever without steam, and without railroads and telegraphs, when they want them so much, and can pay for them so well, and we are so able to provide them—simply because a broken-down Tartar dynasty adheres to a traditional policy of excluding foreigners. All the laws and proclamations in the world will not prevent these national necessities from being satisfied at some time or other. A prudent statesman, therefore, will recognize their cogency, and will seize the first opportunity of helping circumstances to fulfill "manifest destiny."

No opportunity could occur more propitiously than the present.

The English are at war with China. When they won, by the last war, the entry of five ports, they magnanimously stipulated that the world should share the fruit of their conquest. They will do so again. But it is not consonant with the interest or the honor of the United States that England should fight her battles. When China is opened, we shall be the largest gainers by the operation: the largest prize in the new lottery will infallibly be drawn by our Pacific coast. Ought we not to bear our share of the heat and burden of the day? Can not our Government come to an understanding with England and France to prosecute this Chinese affair conjointly, and to extort from whatever government happens to be in power the right of navigating the Yeang-tse-Keang and Hoang-ho to the rapids, and the reception of resident embassadors at Pekin?

It will be expected, in a paper on China, that something should be said of the rebellion. There is a slight difficulty in the way: we know little or nothing about it. Waifs and estrays of intelligence have been wafted to the five ports, and there picked up by industrious gentlemen of a literary turn of mind, and condensed into books; but, after all, these books are worthless. We know that a man who calls himself Tae-ping-Wang, and who was a robber, got up a rebellion; that the people, caring nothing for the government, from the reasons we have mentioned, either joined him or let him alone; that he overran one-half of China or more; that he plunged the whole country into terrible confusion and anarchy; that he, or his successor—for we do not know whether he is not dead—threatens the capital on one side and Canton on the other. Here our knowledge stops. We do not know what Tae-ping wants. We do not know what power he wields. We can not estimate his prospects of success. We do not know what faith he professes—though the idea that he is a Protestant is generally exploded. Nor can we form the least idea of his views regarding foreigners. The only fact that we can state with any certainty is, that he has completed the demoralization of the empire.

It is not likely that the Chinese question can be settled in a day. No settlement can be reliable until a stable government is established at Pekin. But we can aid largely in establishing such a government. Whether the Bourbons be restored, or the throne pass to the Orleans branch of the family, or the nephew of some Chinese uncle revivify the dynasty, matters not to us. So long as the government to be established is willing to adopt such a policy as our wants, the necessities of the Chinese, and the bounden progress of civilization demand, it deserves and should have our moral and physical support. Mr. Buchanan enters upon his administration with the experience of the Japanese failure to guide him. He will learn from that sad break-down that he can no more deal with Orientals with the arguments in use among Christian nations than he can tame tigers with the rules derived from treatises on the dog. Civilization and commerce expect of him that he will at least let slip no fitting occasion to extend their area; and since the Chinese have commenced hostilities against us, destroyed our trade, jeopardized our property, and murdered our people, he can not be accused of departing from the liberal and honest policy that has been traditional in the republic, if he endeavor to retaliate by carrying into the heart of China the blessings of Christian ethics, Christian science, and Christian civilization.

FOREIGN RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

DIVORCES IN PRUSSIA.—According to a report made in the Ecclesiastical Conference lately held in Berlin, there were in the course of one year not less than 6900 applications for divorce made to Prussian courts. The average number of legal divorces has been 3000 a year. This alarming state of public morals is, to a great extent, ascribed to the laxity of the Prussian Common Law, which admits divorce under the most trifling pretexts, such as incompatibility or mutual irritability of character, deeply-rooted aversion, chronic maladies, and deformities subsequent to marriage. The government has proposed to the Legislature, which is now in session, to annul nine of these pretexts, which are more especially obnoxious to Christian feelings. At the same time, the Ecclesiastical Conference has claimed for the Evangelical Church of Prussia the right to decide for herself in what instances she can permit or must refuse a second marriage of divorced persons, independently of all civil legislation. This resolution has been received by all friends of the free development of religion with great joy.

RELIGIOUS FREEDOM IN SARDINIA.—As we have repeatedly noted, with pleasure, the struggle going on in Europe for a large liberty of conscience in religious matters, we will add yet another gratifying evidence. The king of Sardinia has made large advance in this respect, and has allowed the Waldenses particularly to build churches and organize congregations, even in Turin, the capital of his kingdom. Recently a new Protestant church has been erected and dedicated in Nice. This is a little city on the Mediterranean, within the boundaries of Italy, and near to the borders of France. Being remarkable for its pleasant and salubrious climate, particularly in the winter, it has become a place of resort for people of distinction. The Waldenses, availing themselves of the liberty granted by the King, have organized a large Protestant congregation at Nice; and, aided by their Protestant brethren, have built a new and commodious church, which has just been dedicated to the worship of God, in the presence of a large and respectable audience, in which were many persons of distinction.

CHRISTIANIZATION OF TURKEY.—The great ulcer upon the body politic in the Old World is the Turkish Empire, which is the centre and soul of the religion of the False Prophet. It is giving unmistakable signs of passing away, partly by internal dissolution and partly by external pressure. Christian Europe is acting upon it from without, and Christian missions are influencing it strongly and favorably from within. Among these, the missions of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions stand pre-eminent. And, as the late Eastern War has manifested the external pressure which is acting on Turkey, it will be a matter of great interest to note some of the silent internal agents which are preparing her to become Christian, and to take her place among the redeemed nations of the earth. The following paragraph contains a brief synopsis of the missions of the American Board in the bosom of Turkey:

The *Armenian Mission*, not yet twenty-five years old, is one of the wonders of the missionary cause. Its laborers, male and female, from this country, have been increased to fifty-seven; its native pastors, preachers, and helpers to ninety; its annual expenses to $75,000. Sixty young men are connected with its five theological schools; twenty-five females are in the Metropolitan Boarding-school. To the twenty-four churches were added last year 149 members, and they have now an aggregate membership of 629. The press at Constantinople sent forth more than 40,000 copies, chiefly books, in five languages; and nearly 7,000,000 pages. Twenty colporteurs have been employed in book and tract circulation.

The *Syrian Mission* was never in a better working state. To its four churches were added last year seventeen members. The theological school has twenty-four pupils. The twenty-four common schools have 816 pupils. The New Testament, the Pentateuch, the minor Prophets, from Hosea to Nahum, and the greater part of Isaiah, have been translated by Dr. Smith into Arabic.

The *Assyrian Mission* is an offshoot from the Syrian, and is in a like prosperous condition.

The *Nestorian Mission* has been tried in its relations to the Persian Government, but the brethren in their trials have enjoyed the friendly aid of the English and Russian Embassies, and Mr. Murray, the British Envoy, has made them a friendly visit. No department of the mission has suffered except the village schools. The seminaries have gone forward as usual.

The mission is aided by thirty-five native preachers, and the Gospel has been zealously proclaimed from village to village, and in thirty-six places of stated resort, and not without evidence of Divine grace. Though, for special reasons, converts have not been gathered into organized churches, there is progress made in separating them from the world. At a sacramental occasion in May last, about one hundred united with missionaries in commemorating the Lord's death—more than thirty for the first time—and many deeply-interested persons were also present as spectators.

SALE OF CHURCH-LIVINGS IN ENGLAND.—Church livings are often advertised for sale in England, but with less ostentation now than formerly. The name of the living or of the incumbent is now rarely mentioned; the reverse was the rule years ago. There seems to be a growing sense of shame at publishing for sale in the gazette this sacred

property and sacred office. Here are some notices of disposable livings, from the *Ecclesiastical Gazette*, which will not increase the respect of the reader for some things in the venerable State Church of England:

"A rectory and vicarage, five miles from the market town of Sleaford, of which the present incumbent is a gentleman aged fifty-three, and who has lately expended a large sum in making the vicarage house a most comfortable family residence, replete with every convenience; the population of the united benefice does not exceed 500; and the rectory, which comprises less than one-third of the population, is distant about four miles from the vicarage; the net annual income is £800." "A very desirable living in the midland counties, within about two miles of a railway, in a healthy and delightful situation; the population is under 1500; the tithe commutation amounts to about £500 net." "A rectory situate in an agricultural district; income £700; population moderate." "An important living, situate within thirty-five miles of London; income £1400 a year, exclusive of parsonage house and grounds; incumbent between sixty and seventy years of age." "A rectory, of the annual value of £480, with good parsonage house, surrounded by a glebe of twenty-one acres of rich meadow land, in one of the most interesting and beautiful districts in the county of Hereford; society good; age of present incumbent, fifty; price moderate." "A rectory, situate in a southern county, with excellent house and grounds, with a net income from rent-charge and glebe of about £650; present incumbent's age seventy-six." "A living within a short ride of London, with a superior parsonage house on its own grounds; net income, £800 a year; the present incumbent between sixty and seventy years of age." "A most eligible living, in a beautiful part of the west of England, with superior parsonage house, offices, and grounds; annual value upward of £900; present incumbent eighty years of age."

ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN SCOTLAND.—We notice in the *British Banner* of December 18, the following suggestive paragraph, extracted from a letter of an eminent Presbyterian clergyman in Scotland:

Unless we can get our Scotch counties extricated from the domineering grasp of the big lords and lairds, our members from the country districts will soon be chiefly Papists or Puseyites, as all our nobility are on the way to Rome! Witness Lanarkshire, at present about to send a rank Tractarian in defiance of nine-tenths of the people! All we want is, an extension of your English law to set us free. Do help us!

BUNSEN'S NEW WORK.—The *London Christian Times* says, that the great politico-religious event of the day is, the publication of the first volume of Chevalier Bunsen's great work, entitled "God in History; or, The Progress of Belief in the Moral Order of the World." If he accomplishes his task, he will answer the following fundamental questions, viz:

1. Can faith in the Divine order, or the government of God among men, be justified by history? 2. Has this faith an organic progressive development? 3. Is Christianity the definitive religion of humanity? 4. Can existing formulas and forms be regarded as normal and healthful? 5. Will religion, as worship or adoration, expire to leave its inheritance to philosophy?

If the first three of these questions be resolved affirmatively (and this is the conviction of M. Bunsen), the last two will be resolved in the negative; this is also his conviction. It is then upon the fourth question that the battle will be fought between him and those who contend that every thing is good both in Church and State. The fifth he will have to debate with the Rationalists and the Pantheists. Should M. Bunsen prove conqueror in the position he has taken—if his system do not contradict the data afforded by positive revelation—he will have produced the most profound and the most powerful apology for Christianity which has yet seen the light; for he will have shown God in humanity, God in the Bible, God in Christ, fulfilling one and the same great work, one immense Divine epic.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY IN FRANCE.—We have occasionally intimated that religious liberty was being silently curtailed in France, and this, too, with the tacit consent of the Government. A little congregation of Protestants, which has worshiped publicly many years at St. Bel, near Lyons, has been dispersed, and about forty of its members punished by fine. The Imperial Advocate, in summing up for the State, said:

What, then, is this right of liberty of conscience? It is the right of every citizen to have and to profess a religious opinion, whatever that opinion may be, without being subject to any civil or political disqualification *for the fact of this opinion*. As a corollary of this liberty, we do not hesitate to acknowledge the right of every form of worship to inviolability of the *domestic* asylum, but we regard it as a right *essentially personal* and *individual*. Now, when from a person, an individual, we pass on to the collection of persons, the community; when, instead of a *private act*, there spring up preaching, manifestations, meetings, we find ourselves in presence of *a public act, an external act*, which then falls under the control of the authority, because then public order is concerned.

It would seem, therefore, that under this legal *finesse*, the Protestant congregations in France are to be dispersed, when they are so humbly located as that it may be done without drawing public attention to the Governmental act

STATISTICS OF MORMONISM.—The present number of Mormons in America is estimated at 68,000, of whom 38,000 live in Utah, 5000 in New York, 4000 in California, and 5000 in British America. Europe has 39,000, the great majority of whom, 32,000, are residents of Great Britain, 5000 of Sweden, Norway, and Denmark, 1000 of Germany and Switzerland. In Asia they count 1000, in Africa 100, and in Australia 2400. They have about 1800 traveling missionaries. There is, moreover, a schismatic sect of Mormons, counting 8500 members.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

N.B.—All communications for this department of *Harper's Weekly* should be marked "Notes and Queries," in addition to the usual address.

RUSSIAN HOTEL CHARGES.—Sir Robert Peel, who has lately returned from Russia, gives some lively off-hand touches of the country in a lecture which he recently delivered (following a now prevalent English fashion) for the enlightenment of the manufacturing population near Birmingham. Of Russian hotels he says "There was not much to keep us in St. Petersburg, for we were so horribly fleeced by our Innkeeper. I have lived a great deal in that way, but I never in my life came across a man with such enormous ideas of the principles of 'doing.' I am one who is satisfied with little, but our dinner every night cost us £60 sterling! It was perfectly monstrous. When we arrived at Moscow we were wearied but not hungry, having had plenty to eat; for the quarter-of-an-hour stoppages are apparently made for the express purpose of eating." Doubtless the Innkeeper would excuse himself with the old plea that, though *dinners* were not scarce, *English millionaires* were, and must be made much of accordingly. The present Sir Robert Peel has few features in common with his father, being a man of free, sailor-like habits, chiefly remarkable (so far) for some hair-breadth escapes at sea, etc., but not without popular talents that will insure him a hearing should he settle down finally to politics.

THE WANDERING JEW.—No Fable has ever taken so strong a hold on the minds of the masses as this great legend of the Middle Ages. To this day it is heard with hushed reverence in Brittany and other Catholic Countries, where belief yet finds a home with the humblest, and the peasant shrinks aside when returning at nightfall, as he catches a fancied glimpse of the dark garments and floating beard that mark the accursed presence of the reviler of his Lord. In the Fine Arts and Literature the same idea of a mysterious being—pervading all time but yet not of it, nor subject to its influence—has been embellished by the genius of Croly, Godwin, Sue, and others, while an American scholar (David Hoffman, of Baltimore) has chosen it as the means of pouring out a multifarious stock of learning and observation in his work, left unfinished at his death, "Cartaphilus, or the Wandering Jew," of which three massive volumes have appeared. A well-known French author, who writes under the name of "Le Bibliophile Jacob," and who has done much for the illustration of old books and old authors, has lately suggested an origin for this story of high imaginative and poetic merit. He surmises that the Wandering Jew was originally conceived and endowed with personality by some preacher or poet, now lost in the darkness of the twelfth century, as a type, a majestic allegory of his scattered nation—scattered but indestructible; dispersed among all people, but surviving their dispersion; and preserving, in the midst of other nations, their nationality, their characteristics, their laws, and their religion, in the teeth of persecutions to which they have been universally subjected. Outraged, despoiled, driven from place to place, they have never been discouraged—they obstinately return to former resorts—they brave again dangers from which they have but just escaped—they hide themselves to escape outrage and punishment; but they will not abdicate their costume nor their peculiar physiognomy, because they persist in remaining Jews till the coming of the Messiah, which they expect with confidence. Such has been the fate of the Jews—such is the condition of the Wandering Jew according to the legend.

DEAN SWIFT AN AMERICAN BISHOP.—Few ideas seem more incongruous than those aroused by the mention of the author of "Gulliver" and the early struggles of the Episcopal Church in British America. Yet though the subject has never been made entirely clear, his own letters show that such a position was sought for by him, and that measures were in agitation for placing him in it. The "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts" was organized in the year 1701, with the support of the highest and most respectable public men of the time, both in Church and State. Its efforts were directed vigorously toward Virginia and the other British Colonies in America; and about the year 1708 it is probable that the project of a Bishop for that Province was pressed by it on a reluctant court. The Dean's attention was no doubt drawn to the subject by his friend and correspondent, Colonel Robert Hunter, a gentleman of literary and liberal tastes, who, in 1710, came out as Governor of New York. In March, 1709, Swift thus writes to him: "I shall go from Ireland some time in summer, being not able to make my friends in the ministry consider my merits or their promises enough to keep me here, so that all my hopes now terminate in my Bishoprick of Virginia." Four years later, Governor Hunter thus writes to him from New York: "I have purchased a seat for a bishop, and, by orders from the Society, have given directions to prepare it for his reception. You once upon a day gave me hopes of seeing you there. It would be no small relief to have so good a friend to complain to." It is evident from these passages that the plan had taken root in the mind of Swift. While chafing at the restrictions imposed upon his promotion at home, his proud heart may have yearned for a position at once independent and honorable, where he would have found scope for the exercise of energies that proved a curse rather than a boon to their possessor, when cooped up in the narrow limits of ecclesiastical routine. What the result of such an appointment might have been it is difficult to judge; but we incline to think good would have been effected to both the governor and the governed, and it is to us an interesting fact, in the history of an unfortunate great man, that such a plan was under consideration.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.—Some interesting anecdotes of the early career of Reynolds have lately been brought out by the research of a fellow-townsman of Plympton in Devonshire, a devoted admirer of that great artist. It seems the first portrait painted by him was done when he could not have been more than twelve years old. It is a likeness of a clergyman in the neighborhood, and (according to the tradition in the family who still preserve it), it was colored in a boat-house on the beach, at Mount Edgecomb, on canvas which was part of a boat's sail, and with the common paint used in shipwrights' painting-sheds. The present appearance of the picture corroborates this account of its origin. Kindness of heart was always a characteristic of Sir Joshua. Soon after his arrival in London, it happened that young Mudge, the son of his early friend and patron at Plymouth, was anxious to visit his father on his sixteenth birth-day, but was unable to do so, being confined to his rooms in London by illness. Having expressed his extreme disappointment to Reynolds, the latter replied, "Never mind, I will send you to your father," and he accordingly so painted his portrait that, when the case was opened, his father should be agreeably surprised by seeing his son peeping at him from behind a curtain. We give specimens of a few unpublished notes by Reynolds, worthy of the author of the "Lectures."

In writing, in criticism, and in life—in all these, first impressions are to be preserved.

The great business of life is to watch over yourselves.

Second thoughts in life is a cunning imposing on one's self by an endeavor to make our reason conform to our will.

Late springs produce the greatest plenty.

The anecdote of his turning the picture of a frolicsome child into a Puck for Alderman Boydell's Shakspearian Gallery is well known, but it is a curious fact that the little boy from whom it was painted, whom Sir Joshua found sitting on his steps in Leicester Square, is still alive, a brewer in London, and was present when the picture was sold at Rogers the poet's sale last spring.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A GENTLEMAN.—The late Judge Talfourd, in a case tried at the Bristol (England) Assizes, shortly before his sudden death, thus defined the character of a gentleman: The evidence proved that the defendant, while in the theatre, had said to the plaintiff, "Do not speak to me; I am a gentleman, and you are a tradesman." "Gentleman," said the learned Judge, "is a term which does not apply to any station. The man of rank who deports himself with dignity and candor, and the tradesman who discharges the duties of life with honor and integrity, are alike entitled to it; nay, the humblest artisan, who fulfills the obligations cast upon him with virtue and honor, is more entitled to the name of gentleman than the man who could indulge in offensive and ribald remarks, however high his station."

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

THOROUGHNESS IN FARMING.—We propose to preach a little sermon on *order* and *thoroughness* in farm operations this week. Order should be made the first and chiefest law of the farm. Order every where, and in all things—in the house and in the field; in the stable and in the barn; in the times of labor and in the times of relaxation; in the incomings and in the outgoings. So will the husbandman save himself and his from much fruitless toil, and more vexation of spirit.

And to be orderly, it is necessary that he should be thorough in all he undertakes. What is done once thoroughly will last longer, and do more service than what is done a dozen times bunglingly.

The farmer should be provided with the best of every thing. His house, no matter how small, should be constructed in the very best manner; so will he save himself in fuel, colds, peradventure rheumatics, and be the gainer in health, comfort, and elasticity of spirits. His stable should be built on the best model suggested to him by his own, or his neighbor's, or his agricultural paper's experience. Its interior arrangements should be made with a view to comfort for beast and man, to labor and time-saving in feeding, and to ease of access to all parts. His barns should be carefully and thoroughly constructed, water-tight, and rat-proof, so far as may be. His fields should be in the very best attainable order: soil loose and rich, fences good, and weeds *non est*. His cattle should be of the most suitable breeds for his purposes; his instruments the best made of their kind; his help docile and industrious; his wife gentle, affectionate, and saving; and himself prudent, enterprising (the two terms are not incompatible)—a persistent reader of good agricultural newspapers, and an intelligent experimenter in that branch of agriculture which he is making his specialty.

"To have the best of every thing costs too much money," urges a slow man. It costs no more than to have the worst, only you must have *less*. Farmers are apt to look too much to *quantity*, and not enough to *quality*. One good cow will cost as much as three poor ones, say: but she will give as much milk as the three, will eat no more than one of the three, and requires just one-third the attendance. We have known a farmer owning fifteen poor cows to be dependent for milk for a whole winter upon his neighbor, an amateur, who owned but two—which were, however, of the best. Yet the fifteen cows had to be fed and cared for quite, or nearly, as much as the two which gave milk. So a man has poor, half-made, or superannuated farm implements. His horses tug harder at the plow or harrow, and make less progress than his wiser neighbor's. His own back aches more severely as he spades up his garden plot than the other's, who with a better spade goes through twice the ground in the same time.

So of seeds. Let him procure the best of all kinds used: the most prolific corn, the potatoes least likely to rot, the grain in greatest demand, the vegetables that will produce most with proper care. And especially for his orchard should he be careful to select and cultivate the fruits which experience has proven to be best adapted to his soil and climate, and which will bring the highest price in *his* market. Finally, the farm should be well *manned*. As a ship-captain provides himself with one sailor for every certain number of tons his vessel carries, so should the farmer make it a point to graduate the amount of his help *exactly* to the number of acres requiring to be tended, and the relative amount of labor necessary for each crop he cultivates. It is an old story, to be sure, but a true one, that ninety farmers of every one hundred are overworked, and consequently ninety farms of every hundred are not thoroughly cultivated. That is to say, a certain amount of capital lies idle and unused from year to year, because the wise proprietor wants to "save" it. He has a talent. He will not waste it. He buries it. Better turn it up with a good subsoil plow, and the rain and the wind and the sun will double it for him.

A farm of 20 acres can be made to produce more, with less actual labor, than many a 200-acre farm, whose owner toils from daylight till dark, scratching up a great surface, and with exhausting labor raising about enough to feed his family, his help, and his farm cattle.

Too much care can not be exercised in the selection of seeds. Farmers should, if possible, raise their own. Where this is done, care should be taken that the plants from which seed is taken are the finest, best developed in the field or garden; and that they have exhibited all the good qualities of early maturing, large size, full grain, and general perfection of form and condition, which experience proves most desirable. In selecting ultimately the individual seeds from the ears or pods saved at harvest, let the largest be again carefully chosen, care being taken to put away all misshapen and partially developed grains. Such a course, pursued for a series of years, can not fail of having its due effect in a material improvement of the quality of the crop.

Seeds, too, should always be got ready in winter, and should be kept in bags hung up in open air, and never packed in boxes or barrels. Seed corn selected should never be kept in close barrels or bins, but should be hung up by the husks, which may be stripped and platted together.

Those who purchase their seeds are always more or less liable to be imposed upon. They should buy only of reliable men, and then only those sold as the collection of such men. Experience proves that not more than two-thirds of the seeds *sold* will germinate, that a large proportion of the seeds supposed to be raised by the Shakers, and put up and sold all over the country under the name of "Shaker garden seeds," are made up of the refuse stock of wholesale seedsmen, who would not risk their own reputation by selling them at retail under their own names, but sell them by the bushel to other parties to cheat the public with.

In purchasing grass seeds the farmer should use additional precautions. Portions of the country where these seeds are gathered for market are infested with most noxious weeds; and where such is the case, it is quite impossible to save the grass seed unmixed with the seeds of such weeds. Thus the unfortunate farmer pays money for the introduction on his fields of some before to him unknown weed, which it may take him years to extirpate. The *Canada Thistle* is a plant which, it is to be feared, is being largely introduced in this way to the fertile valleys of the West and Southwest. This plant is so vigorous and tenacious that its roots will run to the distance of eight or ten feet in a single season, and it has been stated that a root has been traced to a distance of nineteen feet. In some parts of Canada and Newfoundland whole fields are abandoned on its account, and will probably never be reclaimed from its dominion. In appearance it resembles the common thistle of the country, only its leaves, blossoms, and seed-heads are considerably smaller, the latter being hardly half an inch through.

A CORRESPONDENT of the *California Farmer* asserts that he can, by a process which is the result of three years experimenting on his part, cause bees to swarm at will. He had nine swarms from one hive between April 19th and July 15th. He says: "The secret of my success is in being able to make the bees raise a young queen and a swarm issue at pleasure. I can go to a hive and destroy the queen, and make the bees raise another in eighteen days. Also, can take one quart of bees from an old hive, put them in an empty one, and make them raise a queen and become a good swarm in the space of three months."

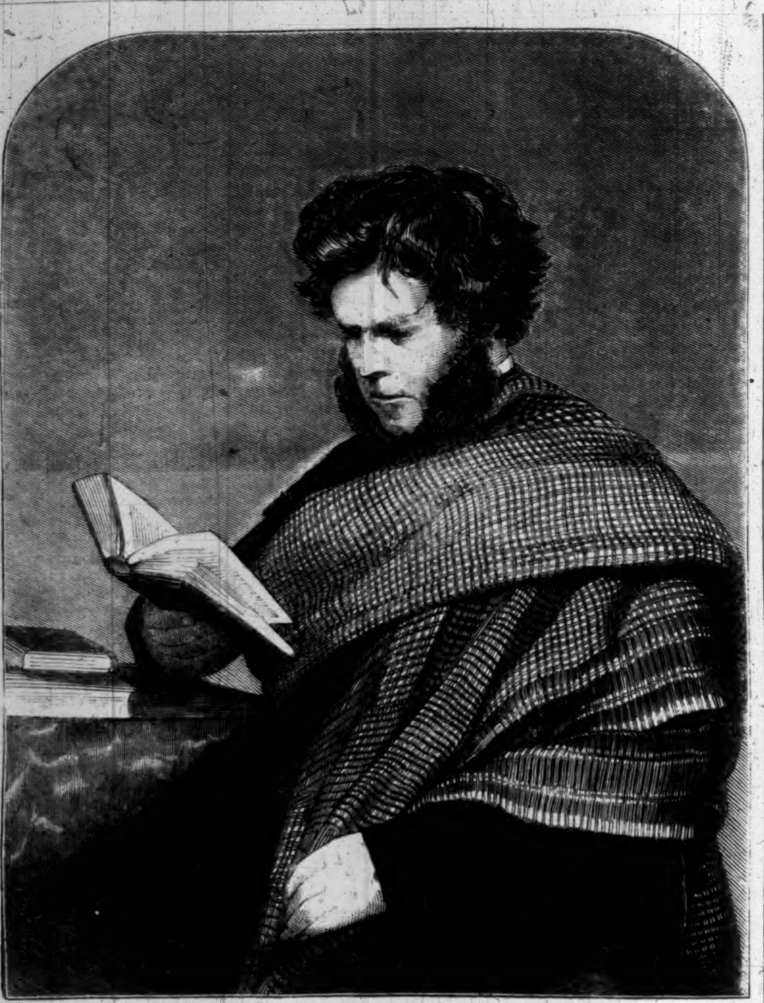
THE following is the manner in which milk is prepared, when it is desired to preserve it for a length of time. The milk is poured into a metallic vessel, which terminates at the top in a tunnel-shaped leaden tube; above the milk (in the tunnel-shaped expansion) is poured a thin layer of oil, to prevent contact with the air. The milk in the vessel is then heated from 167° to 176° Fahrenheit during about an hour, to expel the air, and after cooling, the leaden tube is pressed together air-tight, then cut off above the point of compression and soldered together.

IN the wine regions of Europe, where the night-soil and offal of cities is of late much used for vineyards, it has been found that where these substances are freshly applied they have a damaging effect upon the aroma of the wine. Inodorous or deodorized fertilizers, on the contrary, have no such influence. It is stated, in farther confirmation of this fact, that even cabbages raised from ground manured with spoiled fish (as is done in parts of Holland) have a peculiarly disagreeable odor.

The best manure for vines German wine-growers state to be the leaves of the vine itself. Of course, of this the supply is never a sufficiency.

As apples have become a regular and important article of export, and fruit-growing is yearly becoming a more important and extensively followed branch of farming, it may be well to mention that the Newtown Pippin seems to be the favorite apple for shipping, commanding the best prices, and in most general demand. Baldwins and Russets are also exported to a considerable extent.

THE proportion of oil in different substances, by the most recent determinations, is as follows: in Indian corn, 9 per cent.; oats, 3.3; fine wheat flour, 1.4; bran from the same, 4.65; rice, 1; dry hay, 3 to 4; straw of wheat, 3.2; oat straw, 5.1; olive seed, 54; linseed, 22; white mustard, 36; black mustard, 18; almonds, 46; cocoa-nut, 47; walnuts, 50; yelk of eggs, 28.75; cows' milk, 3.13 per cent. They are obtained by mechanical pressure, as linseed oil; by the agency of heat, as in the animal fats; by distillation, and by solution in other substances.



HUGH MILLER.

HUGH MILLER THE STONE-MASON.

Night was falling near a house on Cromarty Frith. A gray haze "had spread a neutral tint of dimness over every more distant object." Outside, a terrible storm was raging, and many a brave vessel was going to her last rest. In the house, a boy of five years of age rose, went to the door, and looked out.

"Mother, oh, mother!" he screamed, "see that white hand and arm stretched out toward me! See it, dear mother! 'tis the hand of a wraith."

At that very moment the boy's father, Miller of Cromarty, put his sloop's head to sea, stretched a long tack, and sailed out of sight forever.

This was the first recollection of the Stone-mason of Cromarty, Hugh Miller, who, to the day of his death, remembered having seen the livid white hand.

Childhood and schoolhood passed with him as with all of us; he enjoyed fairy tales and travels, hated "useful books," and loved to wander by the sea-beach looking for garnets, or gazing at strange sea-weed and shells. At school he learned to read, but could not stand the Latin grammar; wandered, as before, on hill, and beach, and cave—once narrowly missing a miserable death in a great cave which the tide closed up—and made what he afterward, in the ripeness of his science, considered very remarkable discoveries. Force of character gradually developing, he began to be regarded as "a dangerous boy." When he and some of his friends were detected in robbing orchards and menaced with imprisonment, he fled to an almost inaccessible cave on the sea-coast, and barricaded himself there, with a rusty bayonet and horse-pistol, without lock or stock, by way of munitions of war. When a fierce mulatto boy, whom he had drubbed after school, drew a knife upon him, young Miller drew his directly, and before the mulatto knew where he was, he had it in his thigh; whereafter, remarks Hugh, complacently, that fellow never more drew knife upon a combatant. Thrashed at last, after a hard fight, by his schoolmaster, because he would not spell *awful* in two syllables, he took his cap off the peg and walked out of school, revenging himself by satirizing the pedagogue in "a copy of verses."

His first idea, on regaining his liberty, was to set up as a Scotch Robinson Crusoe in a cave, with the aforesaid bayonet and pistol by way of protection against wild beasts; but the cows got into his cave, and this not being in the programme, he gave it up and became a mason. His uncle and guardian was of opinion that he would be no steadier as a mason than he had been a scholar, which was quite enough to make him persevere, in spite of scant earnings, hard work, and small prospects to the end of his apprenticeship. It may help the reader to form an idea of the character of the man to know that, at the time he was working the hard sand-stone of Cromarty till his fingers ran with blood, he spent his evenings in composing verses which are quite respectable, and wrote in prose with remarkable correctness and elegance.

He wrought in company with old David Fraser, who, though unknown to fame here and at this time, was a very famous man in his day among the stone-masons of Scotland, as the following anecdote will show:

A party of workmen were hewing out columns for an edifice of some size. A dry, old man, with a plaid round him, asked the foreman for employment.

"Can ye hew?" inquired the foreman.

"Oh yes, a think a can hew!"

"Can ye columns like these?"

"Oh yes, a think a can hew such as these."

The little old man got a long stone, and placed it in full view of the workmen. Twisting his plaid round him, he would look along his stone from end to end, and examine it front and rear; then take his stand beside the other workmen, watch them and return, and mimic their blows with the mallet on his stone. All day the workshop was a continuous roar of laughter, and the foreman began to think he was done. Next day the little old man seemed somewhat less awkward and idle; but he watched the other workmen as closely as before, and they laughed, from time to time, at his notions of "hewing." On the third day he threw off his coat and went to work, though leisurely; nobody laughed now, for it was suspected that the little old man knew what he was about. By the middle of the next day it was whispered that the stranger, who had trifled near two days, was abreast of the other workmen; and before night on Friday, when they had a day's work or more yet on their columns, his was done in a style to defy criticism.

"Well," says the foreman, a little sheepish, "you certainly can hew."

"Aw," says David, "a thocht a could hew."

"Come, come," burst out the foreman, "we all guess who you are: you're David Fraser, and you've had your joke out."

David confessed, and merely added, that before going to Glasgow he "thocht it might be well to see how ye hewed on the east side of the country."

For many years Hugh Miller seems to have led a roving life, now working in the north, now in the south; sometimes reveling in monstrous wages (£1 a day, which was considered Paradisaical), sometimes very glad of half as much, sometimes finding no work at all. In 1828 he went to Inverness and advertised himself to, "cut inscriptions neatly and *correctly*." Emphasis was laid upon the latter qualification, as one of the leading lapidary masons of the place having been called upon a short while before to inscribe on the tombstone of a deceased lady that "a virtuous woman was a *crown* to her husband," had rather hurt the husband's feelings by saying that she was *5s.* to her husband. Work not coming in very fast, Miller published a volume of verse, which was badly treated by the critics: he had been unfortunate enough to say on the title-page that it was by "a journeyman mason;" this seemed to have given the critics the key-note; one and all assured him that he would make more by his trowel than his pen.

One day, while working in the church-yard, "a beautiful young lady" passed before the mason's eye. He made her acquaintance. He "was not prepared to find that, mere girl as she seemed, she should have a decided turn, not for the lighter but the severer walks of literature, and should have already acquired the ability of giving expression to her thoughts in a style framed on the best English models. Inflamed by her literary excellences, good Hugh liked to be visited by this young lady in the church-yard: he "conversed with her on all manner of subjects connected with the *belles lettres* and philosophy of mind;'" and to cut the story short, married her as soon as a fortunate vacancy in a Cromarty bank enabled him to take so responsible a step. They were poor. Though he was a banker, and his wife kept school, their limited earnings did not exceed a £100 a year. But he added a trifle to this by writing for the magazines, and in his leisure hours he prosecuted his geological observations, which had always possessed a peculiar charm for his mind. It was while he was in the bank at Cromarty that he identified the famous *Pterichthys* or winged fish as a fossil of the old red sandstone. The discovery was made public at a meeting of the British association; and M. Agassiz declared in his book that "Cuvier did not feel more astonishment in examining the *Plesiosaurus* than I did when Mr. H. Miller showed me the specimens of Pterichthys which he obtained from the old red sandstone. The geological reader is doubtless aware of the importance of the discovery as bearing upon the theory of development or transmutation of species; orthodox men of science have derived much comfort from it.

Mr. Miller's mind was full of the subject when the great schism in the Kirk of Scotland broke out. With the warmth and impetuosity of his nature he embraced the cause of the adversaries of the Government. It was the cause of democracy, and Miller always was at heart a democrat. In the heat of the contest he published a letter to Lord Brougham, stating the views of his party with force and eloquence. It took like wildfire; all Scotland was reading the letter. Just at that moment the Free Churchmen, as they began to be called, felt the necessity of an organ in Edinburgh. All "the ready-made editors," as Hugh Miller jocosely calls them, had taken sides against them; so they sent to Cromarty and engaged Hugh Miller. The *Witness* was started in 1840; from the commencement to the day of his death Mr. Miller was its chief editor, and contributed not a little, by his powerful style and searching logic, to give it the high position it holds.

Very shortly after he became editor of the *Witness* he published his first prose work, "The Old Red Sandstone," which achieved a remarkable success. It obtained at the same time the commendation of Sir Roderick Murchison, who pronounced it "worth a thousand didactic treatises," the praise of the *Edinburgh Review*, and the other leading organs of criticism, and the unbounded favor of the public. When, a few years afterward, the "Vestiges of Creation" produced such a sensation, and seemed to the clergy to be pregnant with dangerous doctrine, Hugh Miller was the champion who came to their defense with his "Footprints of the Creator." In that admirable work, of whose exquisitely Saxon style it is impossible to speak too highly, Mr. Miller controverted with irresistible force the notion that species can be transmuted by a change of condition. It is generally believed, by the orthodox portion of the scientific world, that Mr. Miller's argument is unanswerable.

Other minor works, together with his contributions to the *Witness*, absorbed his time during the rest of his life. He enjoyed a measure of personal esteem second to no one's in Edinburgh. His strong manly nature and clear head gave people great confidence in him. "A head of great massiveness," we are told, "with an abundant profusion of Celtic hair, set on a body of great muscular compactness; wrapped in a bulky plaid, and with a garb ready for any work; rather resembling a shepherd from the Ross-shire hills than a man of science"—such is the portrait drawn of him in his later years by one who knew him well. The engraving at the head of this article is a striking likeness, as we remember him in the midst of his museum and books, scattered in admirable disorder about the rooms of his modest dwelling at Portobello. It lacks, however, something of the melancholy that even then, four years ago, sat upon his brow, and which deepened and darkened as the struggle of life went on, till they culminated in this catastrophe, another of the sad chapters in the fate of genius.

Hard work broke him down at last. He was writing books, delivering lectures, editing the *Witness*, and studying geology all together. He had always been an imaginative man; from the vision of the livid hand to his death he seems to have had a remarkable attachment for the supernatural. Latterly intense application to a new book, "The Testimony of the Rocks," which he was shortly to bring out, led to severe headaches and extraordinary nervousness. His overworked brain gave way. He had always been a courageous man; he was now dreadfully afraid of robbers.

"He read all the recent stories of house robberies," says the *Witness*. "He believed that one night lately an actual attempt to break in upon his museum had been made. Visions of ticket-of-leave men prowling about his premises haunted him by day and by night. The revolver which lay nightly near him was not enough; a broad-bladed dagger was kept beside it, while behind him, at his bed-head, a claymore stood ready at hand. A week or so ago a new and more aggravated feature of cerebral disorder showed itself in sudden and singular sensations in his head. They came on only after lengthened intervals. They did not last long, but were intensely violent." When the paroxysm was on him his face was a picture of horror. He would fling himself on the sofa, and bury his head, as if in agony, upon the cushion. On the eve of his death he was thus attacked. The vision did not continue; and after tea Mr. Miller read two of Cowper's poems to his family, and one of his more playful pieces, for the gratification of his children. Retiring to rest, he followed all the doctor's directions except one—he did not take the medicines prescribed, having a repugnance to medicine of all kinds. Next morning, his body was found lifeless, and half-dressed, on the study rug. The following lines to his wife were also found on a folio sheet lying on a table beside the corpse:

"Dearest Lydia,—My brain burns. I *must* have *walked*; and a fearful dream arises upon me. I can not bear the horrible thought. God and Father of the Lord Jesus Christ, have mercy upon me. Dearest Lydia, dear children, farewell. My brain burns as the recollection grows.

"My dear, dear wife, farewell.

"Hugh Miller."

REFLECTIONS FROM AN EMERALD RING.

Coming the other evening at twilight through Bleecker Street from Bowery to Broadway, my attention was arrested by the shrieks of a baby in the arms of a woman in hoopless, faded dress, who stood with one foot on the steps of an elegant residence, vainly endeavoring to hush the piteous baby-wailings, while at her feet lay a little—*very* little bundle. The *woman* in me would not allow me to pass such a picture and such cries without stopping to inquire if the baby were hurt or sick; and as the mother raised her head to answer that she "thought it must be suffering acute pain from illness," I was struck no less by her correctness of expression than by the sweet spiritual shade of the beautiful tear-stained young face upraised toward me. How long had her baby been sick, and how far was she from home? I hurriedly asked. Poor girl! She has no home

In a whole city full.
Was it not pitiful?

She had come but two or three days before from the hospital, with a child only a few weeks old in her arms, the little bundle at her side, and a half-dollar in her hand, to commence the desperate battle with the world for a place to live, and the wherewith to sustain clamoring nature. She had no friends, no acquaintance with the city—had come but a few months before from "the country."

She had haunted intelligence-offices, sleeping on a bench at night, and supplicated at the doors of dwellings for a shelter where she might sew, or knit, or wash, so she was but allowed her food, and the privilege—the last blessing in her bitter cup—of keeping her baby with her. But rejection, scorn, was all she met, and now night was coming on again, and she was still in the street, homeless, penniless, faint, famishing. Oh how I wished then that I were rich! A little money would have gilded and illuminated the black and hopeless prospects of that wretched girl. But I had none, only one shilling in my pocket, and a dubious probability of the next, and no home to take her to, for I was just moved into a boarding-house where I knew the presence of such a visitor to myself would be regarded with wondering, unwelcome eyes. Yet I could not leave her, with "the young child" in the streets to shiver and starve, and so I told her my position and offered her shelter in my room and warmth at my fire, but her delicacy and sensitiveness to her degradation would not allow her to accept the semblance of such equality—she shrank from it in weeping thankfulness.

And then I could only take her wailing baby into my own arms, to rest her weary limbs. Wrapped in coarse but snowy blankets, what a beautiful little creature it was after I had tossed it, and given it to the fresh breath of heaven, and talked baby words to it until I had coaxed a smile to its cunning wee face. "Dear little Lu," so his mother called him, and ladies brushed past me standing there hushing that poor baby, and looked sidewise and smiled; and gentlemen passed me and stared, first at me with the tiny morsel of coarse-clad humanity in my arms, and then at the faded young woman with the little bundle at her feet. But none stopped to

inquire or offer relief, and I returned the little unconscious one to its mother, gave her the shilling and *sympathy*. And then leaped forth the woman in her stifled nature. I had held her child, and given her, the outcast, a kindly *word*, and she felt the vitalizing of one tie to humanity. With broken words, and hot, fast-falling tears, she clutched my dress and entreated me, "for kindness sake," to take a ring which she drew from her finger. This I did not desire, but I desired less to wound her feelings, and giving her my address, with her promise that she would call next day to tell me her success, I accepted her grateful token. She said it was a gift from one who had ceased to think of her, and she had several times offered it to gentlemen who passed her, begging them to give her something to keep her from starving. But none cared to purchase or examine the beggar's ring, and I took it to my keeping, intending to return it next day when her emotions would be less excitable, and I left her standing there folding her thin shawl closer over her innocent one. But thoughts of the sensitive, wretched outcast haunted me all the night, and I was anxious for the morning from a hope that I might be enabled to secure a place for her. All day I waited for her, but she did not come; and several days passed, and I ceased to expect her, and she has never called.

In the great trouble and tumult of her feelings she must have forgotten my address. And her ring I have now on my finger; brushing and testing have developed it from the dim circle it was into a glittering emerald. I did not suspect its value, and doubt if she knew it, but if its worth could have been applied to her wants, it might have saved her many a pang.

And while I wear the ring and tell the story, where is the fallen one? She told me of no husband, no father for the tender, helpless creature for which the one parent was suffering so much, and I asked for none. But I look into the lights and shadows of the sparkling stone, and away through the loneliness, and misery, and humiliation of her present, shine the vanished hours of affliction, and confidence, and hope. Woe for the past! the warm, rosy, vital past—affection's smile, affection's clasp, love's tender tone luring her to dreams of bliss which bring such terrible awakenings!

Again I turn the ring, and now from its glancing depths fancy brings up a quiet but lovely country scene. A farmer's house in a smiling valley; a low, spacious house, with open porch and open hospitable doors; with shading vines and gorgeous, fragrant blossoms running and spreading away over a wide lawn, and beyond stand fields of waving grain ripening in the bright sunshine; and green, clover-scented meadows, and orchards blushing with their luscious fruits, and a brook slipping away through the valley like a silver thread, breaking its mock waves upon the pebbles and mint-roots at its sides; and while I listen to its gurgle, like earnest, confidential talk of friends in unknown tongue, a little maiden in short, simple frock, with little, bare white feet, and tiny apron gathered up and filled with apples and wild flowers, comes splashing and wading idly along the dreamy little stream. And at the mimic bridge by the foot-path she sits and laves her feet, her earnest, violet eyes turned musingly into the waters rippling away past her. Musing little maiden! What fairy dreams are dissipated as she removes those dripping feet from the brook and bounds along the path through the clover-field and across the lawn into the porch of the farm-house, to divide the contents of the apron—the mellow harvest-apples for the fond father, who glances with pride upon her unfolding graces, and the wilting flowers for the loving mother, to be revived by cool water in the vase where her own hands must arrange them! Blessed little maiden! What hopes and affections are centred in thee!

Once more I turn the ring; and now in its shadowy lights the landscape scene is changed. 'Tis the same, but touched and mellowed by the Great Artist. At the little bridge where sat the maiden watching the bright waters rippling over her feet, sits now a thoughtful, dreamy-looking man. The slender fishing-rod in his hand, the sketch-book and crayon, and the fresh-cut leaves of the Magazine thrown upon the grass at his side, together with an air of careless elegance pervading him, indicate the nature-loving, pleasure-loving man of the city. As he furls his line and adjusts his books, his feet turn into the path over which we watched the little maiden dancing but a few years before. At the porch he is met by a plain but courteous man, and a joyous girl with all the rich beauties and graces of early womanhood joins them. It is the same doting father, the same loving daughter we saw in the other picture. And in the flickering rays of the ring I see now the beautiful girl wandering with the thoughtful artist by the stream which brought to her childish heart such beauteous dreams; and as his low, earnest tones blend with the musical prattle of the waters, she believes she has found the realization of the vague hopes and fancies which ever haunted her by this murmuring brook. Days, weeks pass on, and still the worldly man lingers by her side, affection ever deepening in his glance, and tenderness in his tone; and now, as I turn my hand, a dark shadow steals over the stone, and in the gloom I see sitting alone upon the foot-bridge a maiden with pale, sad brow and soft, damp curls, tangled carelessly away from her throbbing temples. Her clasped hands are pressed over her heart, and a sparkling ray glances from them. A ring, a brilliant emerald, is upon her finger instead of the plain gold band which formerly circled it, and wildly, vainly she prays for the return of the giver, vainly she listens for music in the brook, or beauty or fragrance in the meadows. The sighing autumn wind rustles through the leaves falling around her—decay is in the season, despair is in her heart. But still, until the snow chokes the path, and the ice hushes the stream, does the lonely girl wander by the old haunts, endeared to her heart by the footsteps and the breath of the merciless betrayer.

Will you look with me into the farm-house after spring has scattered the violets over the valley? Stretched upon a bed in speechless misery, convulsive moans breaking from her heart, lies a pale, meek-browed woman, and bending over the stricken figure is a man with firm but agonized features, while his tremulous hands brush back the hair, and wipe off the cold sweat which despair wrings out like great beads upon her forehead, and at length as she stretches out her arms and in moaning accents, "My child, oh, my child!" bursts from her lips, the strong man totters at the sound. Rigidity forsakes his features, strength deserts his frame, and in nerveless, powerless relaxation he sinks upon the couch, sobs heaving his breast, and tears and the clammy damps of agony wetting his face. And the "child," the maiden betrayed? She is fled! And the ring gives no more reflections. But as I gaze into its absorbed shadows my mind reverts to the desolate outcast on Bleecker Street, and the story is told.

THE DEAD SECRET.

CHAPTER THE THIRD. FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER.

THE church of Long Beckley (a large agricultural village in one of the midland counties of England), although a building in no way remarkable either for its size, its architecture, or its antiquity, possesses, nevertheless, one advantage which the merchant despots of London have barbarously denied to their noble cathedral church of St. Paul. It has plenty of room to stand in, and it can consequently be seen with perfect convenience from every point of view, all round the compass.

The large open space around the church can be approached in three different directions. There is a road from the village, leading straight to the principal door. There is a broad gravel-walk, which begins at the vicarage gates, crosses the church-yard, and stops, as in duty bound, at the vestry entrance. There is a foot-path over the fields, by which the lord of the manor, and the gentry in general who live in his august neighborhood, can reach the side-door of the building, whenever their natural humility (aided by a favorable state of the weather) may incline them to encourage Sabbath observance in the stables, by going to church, like the lower sort of worshipers, on their own legs.

At half-past seven o'clock, on a certain fine summer morning, in the year eighteen hundred and forty-four, if any observant stranger had happened to be standing in some unnoticed corner of the church-yard, and to be looking about him with sharp eyes, he would probably have been the witness of proceedings which might have led him to believe that there was a conspiracy going on in Long Beckley, of which the church was the rallying point, and some of the most respectable inhabitants the principal leaders. Supposing him to have been looking toward the vicarage, as the clock chimed the half-hour, he would have seen the Vicar of Long Beckley, the Reverend Doctor Chennery, leaving his house suspiciously, by the back way, glancing behind him guiltily as he approached the gravel-walk that led to the vestry, stopping mysteriously just outside the door, and gazing anxiously down the road that led from the village.

Assuming that our observant stranger would, upon this, keep out of sight, and look down the road, like the vicar, he would next have seen the clerk of the church—an austere, yellow-faced, dignified man; a Protestant Loyola in appearance, and a working shoemaker by trade—approaching with a look of unutterable mystery in his face and a bunch of big keys in his hand. He would have seen the clerk bow to the vicar with a grim smile of intelligence—as Guy Fawkes might have bowed to Catesby when those two large gunpowder proprietors met to take stock in their extensive range of premises under the Parliament Houses. He would have seen the vicar nod in an abstracted way to the clerk, and say—undoubtedly giving a secret pass-word under the double disguise of a common remark and a friendly question—"Fine morning, Thomas. Have you had your breakfast yet?" He would have heard Thomas reply, with a suspicious regard for minute particulars: "I have had a cup of tea and a crust, Sir." And he would then have seen these two local conspirators, after looking up with one accord at the church clock, draw off together to the side-door which commanded a view of the foot-path across the fields.

Following them—as our observant stranger could not surely fail to do—he would have detected three more conspirators advancing along the foot-path. The leader of this treasonable party was an elderly gentleman, with a weather-beaten face and a bluff, hearty manner, admirably calculated to disarm suspicion. His two followers were a young gentleman and a young lady, walking arm-in-arm, and talking together in whispers. They were dressed in the plainest morning costume. The faces of both were rather pale, and the manner of the lady was a little flurried. Otherwise, there was nothing remarkable to observe in them until they came to the wicket-gate leading into the church-yard; and there the conduct of the young gentleman seemed, at first sight, rather inexplicable. Instead of holding the gate open for the lady to pass through, he hung back, allowed her to open it for herself, waited till she had got to the church-yard side, and then, stretching out his hand over the gate, allowed her to lead him through the entrance, as if he had suddenly changed from a grown man to a helpless little child.

Noting this, and remarking also, that when the party from the fields had arrived within greeting distance of the vicar, and when the clerk had used his bunch of keys to open the church-door, the young lady's companion was led into the building (this time by Doctor Chennery's hand) as he had been previously led through the wicket-gate, our observant stranger must have arrived at one inevitable conclusion—that the person requiring such assistance as this was suffering under the affliction of blindness. Startled a little by that discovery, he would have been still further amazed if he had looked into the church, by seeing the blind man and the young lady standing together before the altar rails, with the elderly gentleman in parental attendance. Any suspicions he might now entertain that the bond which united the conspirators at that early hour of the morning was of the hymeneal sort, and that the object of their plot was to celebrate a wedding with the strictest secrecy, would have been confirmed in five minutes by the appearance of Doctor Chennery from the vestry in full canonicals, and by the reading of the marriage-service in the reverend gentleman's most harmonious officiating tones. The ceremony concluded, the attendant stranger must have been more perplexed than ever by observing that the persons concerned in it all separated the moment the signing, kissing, and congratulating duties proper to the occasion had been performed, and quickly retired in the various directions by which they had approached the church. Leaving the clerk to return by the village road, the bride, bridegroom, and elderly gentleman to turn back by the foot-path over the fields, and the visionary stranger of these pages to vanish out of them, a prey to baffled curiosity, in any direction that he pleases, let us follow Doctor Chennery to the vicarage breakfast-table, and hear what he has to say about his professional exertions of the morning, in the familiar atmosphere of his own family circle.

The persons assembled at the breakfast were, first, Mr. Phippen, a guest; secondly, Miss Sturch, a governess; thirdly, fourthly, and fifthly, Miss Louisa Chennery (aged ten years), Miss Amelia Chennery (aged nine years), and Master Robert Chennery (aged eight years). There was no mother's face present to make the household picture complete. Doctor Chennery had been a widower since the birth of his youngest child.

The guest was an old college acquaintance of the vicar's, and he was supposed to be now staying at Long Beckley for the benefit of his health. Most men of any character at all contrive to get a reputation of some sort which individualizes them in the social circle amidst which they move. Mr. Phippen was a man of some little character, and he lived with great distinction in the estimation of his friends, on the reputation of being A Martyr to Dyspepsia. Wherever Mr. Phippen went, the woes of Mr. Phippen's stomach went with him. He dieted himself publicly and physicked himself publicly. He was so intensely occupied with himself and his maladies, that he would let a chance acquaintance into the secret of the condition of his tongue at five minutes' notice, being just as perpetually ready to discuss the state of his digestion as people in general are to discuss the state of the weather. On this favorite subject, as on all others, he spoke with a wheedling gentleness of manner, sometimes in softly mournful, sometimes in languidly sentimental tones. His politeness was of the oppressively affectionate sort, and he used the word "dear" continually, in addressing himself to others. Personally, he could not be called a handsome man. His eyes were watery, large, and light gray; they were always rolling from side to side in a state of moist admiration of something or somebody. His nose was long, drooping, profoundly melancholy—if such an expression may be permitted in reference to that particular feature. For the rest, his lips had a lachrymose twist; his stature was small; his head large, bald, and loosely set on his shoulders; his manner of dressing himself eccentric, on the side of smartness; his age about five-and-forty; his condition that of a single man. Such was Mr. Phippen, the Martyr to Dyspepsia, and the guest of the vicar of Long Beckley.

Miss Sturch, the governess, may be briefly and accurately described as a young lady who had never been troubled with an idea or a sensation since the day when she was born. She was a little, plump, quiet, white-skinned, smiling, neatly-dressed girl, wound up accurately to the performance of certain duties at certain times, and possessed of an inexhaustible vocabulary of commonplace talk, which dribbled placidly out of her lips whenever it was called for, always in the same quantity, and always of the same quality, at every hour in the day, and through every change in the seasons. Miss Sturch never laughed and never cried, but took the safe middle course of smiling perpetually. She smiled when she came down on a morning in January, and said it was very cold. She smiled when she came down on a morning in July, and said it was very hot. She smiled when the bishop came once a year to see the vicar; she smiled when the butcher's boy came every morning for orders. She smiled when Miss Louisa wept on her bosom, and implored indulgence toward errors in geography; she smiled when Master Robert jumped into her lap and ordered her to brush his hair. Let what might happen at the vicarage, nothing ever jerked Miss Sturch out of the one smooth groove in which she ran perpetually, always at the same pace. If she had lived in a royalist family, during the civil wars in England, she would have rung for the cook to order dinner on the morning of the execution of Charles the First. If Shakspeare had come back to life again, and had called at the vicarage at six o'clock on Saturday evening, to explain to Miss Sturch exactly what his views were in composing the tragedy of Hamlet, she would have smiled and said it was extremely interesting, until the striking of seven o'clock; at which time she would have begged the Bard of Avon to excuse her, and would have left him in the middle of a sentence to superintend the housemaid in the verification of the washing book. A very estimable young person, Miss Sturch (as the ladies of Long Beckley were accustomed to say); so judicious with the children, and so attached to her household duties; such a well-regulated mind, and such a crisp touch on the piano; just nice-looking enough; just well-dressed enough; just talkative enough; not quite old enough, perhaps, and a little too much inclined to be embraceably plump about the region of the waist—but, on the whole, a very estimable young person—very much so, indeed.

On the characteristic peculiarities of Miss Sturch's pupils it is not necessary to dwell at very great length. Miss Louisa's habitual weakness was an inveterate tendency to catch cold. Miss Amelia's principal defect was a disposition to gratify her palate by eating supplementary dinners and breakfasts at unauthorized times and seasons. Master Robert's most noticeable failings were caused by alacrity in tearing his clothes, and obtuseness in learning the Multiplication Table. The virtues of all three were of much the same nature—they were well grown, they were genuine children, and they were boisterously fond of Miss Sturch.

To complete the gallery of family portraits, an outline, at the least, must be attempted of the vicar himself. Dr. Chennery was, in a physical point of view, a credit to the establishment to which he was attached. He stood six feet two in his shooting shoes; he weighed seventeen stone; he was the best bowler in the Long Beckley cricket-club; he was a strictly orthodox man in the matter of wine and mutton; he never started disagreeable theories about people's future destinies in the pulpit, never quarreled with any body out of the pulpit, never buttoned up his pockets when the necessities of his poor brethren (dissenters included) pleaded with him to open them. His course through the world was a steady march along the high and dry middle of a safe turnpike-road. The serpentine side-paths of controversy might open as alluringly as they pleased on his right hand and on his left, but he kept on his way sturdily, and never regarded them. Innovating young recruits in the Church army might entrappingly open the Thirty-nine Articles under his very nose, but the veteran's wary eye never looked a hair's-breadth further than his own signature at the bottom of them. He knew as little as possible of theology, he had never given the Privy Council a minute's trouble in the whole course of his life, he was innocent of all meddling with the reading or writing of pamphlets, and he was quite incapable of finding his way to the platform of Exeter Hall. In short, he was the most unclerical of clergymen—but, for all that, he had such a figure for a surplice as is seldom seen. Seventeen stone weight of upright muscular flesh, without an angry spot or a sore place in any part of it, has the merit of suggesting stability, at any rate—an excellent virtue in pillars of all kinds, but an especially precious quality, at the present time, in a pillar of the Church.

As soon as the vicar entered the breakfast-parlor, the children assailed him with a chorus of shouts. He was a severe disciplinarian in the observance of punctuality at meal times;

and he now stood convicted by the clock of being too late for breakfast by a quarter of an hour.

"Sorry to have kept you waiting, Miss Sturch," said the vicar; "but I have a good excuse for being late this morning."

"Pray don't mention it, Sir," said Miss Sturch, blandly rubbing her plump little hands one over the other. "A beautiful morning. I fear we shall have another warm day. Robert, my love, your elbow is on the table. A beautiful morning—a beautiful morning, indeed!"

"Stomach still out of order—eh, Phippen?" asked the vicar, beginning to carve the ham.

Mr. Phippen shook his large head dolefully, placed his yellow forefinger, ornamented with a large turquoise ring, on the centre check of his light green summer waistcoat—looked piteously at Doctor Chennery, and sighed—removed the finger, and produced from the breast-pocket of his wrapper a little mahogany case—took out of it a neat pair of apothecary's scales, with the accompanying weights, a morsel of ginger, and a highly-polished silver nutmeg-grater. "Dear Miss Sturch will pardon an invalid!" said Mr. Phippen, beginning to grate the ginger feebly into the nearest tea-cup.

"Guess what has made me a quarter of an hour late this morning," said the vicar, looking mysteriously all round the table.

"Lying in bed, papa," cried the three children, clapping their hands in triumph.

"What do *you* say, Miss Sturch?" asked Doctor Chennery.

Miss Sturch smiled as usual, rubbed her hands as usual, cleared her throat softly as usual, looked fixedly at the tea-urn, and begged, with the most graceful politeness, to be excused if she said nothing.

"Your turn now, Phippen," said the vicar. "Come, guess what has kept me late this morning."

"My dear friend," said Mr. Phippen, giving the doctor a brotherly squeeze of the hand, "don't ask me to guess—I know! I saw what you ate at dinner yesterday—I saw what you drank after dinner. No digestion could stand it—not even yours. Guess what has made you late this morning! Pooh! pooh! I know. You dear, good soul, you have been taking physic!"

"Haven't touched a drop, thank God, for the last ten years!" said Doctor Chennery, with a look of devout gratitude. "No, no; you're all wrong. The fact is, I have been to church; and what do you think I have been doing there? Listen, Miss Sturch—listen, girls, with all your ears. Poor blind young Frankland is a happy man at last—I have married him to our dear Rosamond Treverton this very morning!"

"Without telling us, papa!" cried the two girls together, in their shrillest tones of vexation and surprise. "Without telling us, when you know how we should have liked to see it!"

"That was the very reason why I did not tell you, my dears," answered the vicar. "Young Frankland has not got so used to his affliction yet, poor fellow, as to bear being publicly pitied and stared at in the character of a blind bridegroom. He had such a nervous horror of being an object of curiosity on his wedding-day, and Rosamond, like a true, kind-hearted girl as she is, was so anxious that his slightest caprices should be humored, that we settled to have the wedding at an hour in the morning when no idlers were likely to be lounging about the neighborhood of the church. I was bound over to the strictest secrecy about the day, and so was my clerk, Thomas. Excepting us two, and the bride and bridegroom, and the bride's father, Captain Treverton, nobody knew—"

"Treverton!" exclaimed Mr. Phippen, holding his tea-cup, with the grated ginger in the bottom of it, to be filled by Miss Sturch. "Treverton! (No more tea, dear Miss Sturch.) How very remarkable! I know the name. (Fill up with water, if you please.) Tell me, my dear doctor (many, many thanks; no sugar, it turns acid on the stomach), is this Miss Treverton whom you have been marrying (many thanks again; no milk, either) one of the Cornish Trevertons?"

"To be sure she is!" rejoined the vicar. "Her father, Captain Treverton, is the head of the family. Not that there's much family to speak of now. The Captain, and Rosamond, and that whimsical old brute of an uncle of hers, Andrew Treverton, are the last left, now, of the old stock—a rich family, and a fine family, in former times—good friends to Church and State, you know, and all that—"

"Do you approve, Sir, of Amelia having a second helping of bread and marmalade?" asked Miss Sturch, appealing to Doctor Chennery, with the most perfect unconsciousness of interrupting him. Having no spare room in her mind for putting away things in until the appropriate time came for bringing them out, Miss Sturch always asked questions and made remarks the moment they occurred to her, without waiting for the beginning, middle, or end of any conversations that might be proceeding in her presence. She invariably looked the part of a listener to perfection, but she never acted it except in the case of talk that was aimed point-blank at her own ears.

"Oh, give her a second helping, by all means!" said the vicar, carelessly; "she must overeat herself, and she may as well do it on bread and marmalade as on any thing else."

"My dear, good soul," exclaimed Mr. Phippen, "look what a wreck I am, and don't talk in that shockingly thoughtless way of letting our sweet little Amelia overeat herself. Load the stomach in youth, and what becomes of the digestion in age? The thing which vulgar people call the inside—I appeal to Miss Sturch's interest in her charming pupil as an excuse for going into physiological particulars—is, in point of fact, an Apparatus. Digestively considered, Miss Sturch, even the fairest and youngest of us is an Apparatus. Oil our wheels, if you like; but clog them at your peril. Farinaceous puddings and mutton-chops: mutton-chops and farinaceous puddings—those should be the parents' watchwords, if I had my way, from one end of England to the other. Look here, my sweet child, look at me. There is no fun, dear, about these little scales, but dreadful earnest. See! I put in the balance, on one side, dry bread (stale, dry bread, Amelia!) and on the other, some ounce weights. 'Mr. Phippen! eat by weight. Mr. Phippen! eat the same quantity, day by day, to a hair's breadth. Mr. Phippen! exceed your allowance (though it is only stale, dry bread) if you dare!' Amelia, love, this is not fun—this is what the doctors tell me—the doctors, my child, who have been searching my Apparatus through and through, for thirty years past, with little pills, and have not found out where my wheels are clogged yet. Think of that, Amelia—think of Mr. Phippen's clogged Apparatus—and say 'No, thank you,' next time. Miss Sturch, I beg a thousand pardons for intruding on your province; but my interest in that sweet child, my own sad experience of the hydra-headed tortures—Chennery, you dear, good soul, what were you talking about? Ah! the bride—the interesting bride! And so, she is one of the Cornish Trevertons? I knew something of Andrew, years ago. Eccentric and misanthropical. Bachelor, like myself, Miss Sturch. Dyspeptic, like myself, dear Amelia. Not at all like his brother, the captain, I should suppose? And so, she is married? A charming girl, I have no doubt. A charming girl!"

"No better, truer, prettier girl in the world," said the vicar.

"A very lively, energetic person," said Miss Sturch.

"How I shall miss her!" said Miss Louisa. "Nobody else amused me as Rosamond did, when I was laid up with that last bad cold of mine."

"She used to give us such nice little early supper parties," said Miss Amelia.

"She was the only girl I ever saw who was fit to play with boys," said Master Robert. "She could catch a ball, Mr. Phippen, Sir, with one hand, and go down a slide with both her legs together."

"Bless me!" said Mr. Phippen. "What an extraordinary wife for a blind man! You said he was blind, my dear doctor, did you not? Let me see, what was his name? You will not bear too hardly on my loss of memory, Miss Sturch? When indigestion has ravaged the body, it begins to prey on the mind. Mr. Frank Something, was it not? Blind, too, from his birth? Sad! sad!"

"No, no—Frankland," answered the vicar. "Leonard Frankland. And not blind from his birth by any means. It is not much more than a year ago since he could see almost as well as any of us."

"An accident, I suppose!" said Mr. Phippen. "You will excuse me if I take the arm-chair? a partial reclining posture is of great assistance to me, after meals. So an accident happened to his eyes? Ah, what a delightfully easy chair to sit in!"

"Scarcely an accident," said Dr. Chennery. "Leonard Frankland was a difficult child to bring up: great constitutional weakness, you know, at first. He seemed to get over that with time, and grew into a quiet, sedate, orderly sort of boy—as unlike my son there as possible—very amiable, and what you call easy to deal with. Well, he had a turn for mechanics (I am telling you all this to make you understand about his blindness), and after veering about from one occupation of that sort to another, he took at last to watch-making. Curious amusement for a boy, but any thing that required delicacy of touch and plenty of patience and perseverance, was just the thing to amuse and occupy Leonard. I always said to his father and mother, 'Get him off that stool, break his magnifying-glasses, send him to me, and I'll give him a back at Leap-Frog, and teach him the use of a bat." But it was no use. His parents knew best, I suppose, and they said he must be humored. Well, things went on smoothly enough for some time, till he got another long illness, as I believe, from not taking exercise enough. As soon as he began to get round, back he went to his old watch-making occupations again. But the bad end of it all was coming. About the last work he did, poor fellow, was the repairing of my watch—here it is; goes as regular as a steam-engine. I hadn't got it back into my fob very long before I heard that he was getting a bad pain at the back of his head, and that he saw all sorts of moving spots before his eyes. String him up with lots of port wine, and give him three hours a day on the back of a quiet pony—that was my advice. Instead of taking it, they sent for doctors from London, and blistered him behind the ears, and between the shoulders, and drenched the lad with mercury, and moped him up in a dark room. No use. The sight got worse and worse, flickered and flickered, and went out at last like the flame of a candle. His mother died—luckily for her, poor soul—before that happened. His father was half out of his mind; took him to oculists in London, and oculists in Paris. All they did was to call the blindness by a long Latin name, and to say that it was hopeless and useless to try an operation. Some of them said it was the result of the long weaknesses from which he had twice suffered after illness. Some said it was an apoplectic effusion in his brain. All of them shook their heads when they heard of the watch-making. So they brought him back home blind; blind he is now; and blind he will remain, poor dear fellow! for the rest of his life."

"You shock me; my dear Chennery, you shock me dreadfully," said Mr. Phippen. "Especially when you state that theory about long weakness after illness. Good Heavens! Why, I have had long weaknesses—I have got them now. Spots did he see before his eyes? I see spots, black spots, dancing black spots, dancing black bilious spots. Upon my word of honor, Chennery, this comes home to me—my sympathies are painfully acute—I feel this blind story in every nerve of my body; I do indeed!"

"You would hardly know that Leonard was blind, to look at him," said Miss Louisa, striking into the conversation with a view of restoring Mr. Phippen's equanimity. "Except that his eyes look quieter than other people's, there seems no difference in them now. Who was that famous character you told us about, Miss Sturch, who was blind, and didn't show it any more than Leonard Frankland?"

"Milton, my love. I begged you to remember that he was the most famous of British epic poets," answered Miss Sturch, with suavity. "He poetically describes his blindness as being caused by 'so thick a drop serene.' You shall read about it, Louisa. After we have had a little French, we will have a little Milton, this morning. Hush, love, your papa is speaking."

"Poor young Frankland!" said the vicar, tenderly. "That good, tender, noble creature I married him to this morning seems sent as a consolation to him in his affliction. If any human being can make him happy for the rest of his life, Rosamond Treverton is the girl to do it."

"She has made a sacrifice," said Mr. Phippen; "but I like her for that, having made a sacrifice myself in remaining single. It seems indispensable, indeed, on the score of humanity that I should do so. How could I conscientiously inflict such a digestion as mine on a member of the fairer portion of creation? No; I am a Sacrifice in my own proper person, and I have a fellow-feeling for others who are like me. Did she cry much, Chennery, when you were marrying her?"

"Cry!" exclaimed the vicar, contemptuously. "Rosamond Treverton is not one of the puling, sentimental sort, I can tell you. A fine, buxom, warm-hearted, quick-tempered girl, who looks what she means when she tells a man she is going to marry him. And, mind you, she has been tried. If she hadn't loved him with all her heart and soul, she might have been free months ago to marry any body she pleased. They were engaged long before this cruel affliction befell young Frankland—the fathers, on both sides, having lived as near neighbors in these parts for years. Well, when the blindness came, Leonard, like the fine conscientious fellow he is, at once offered to release Rosamond from her engagement. You should have read the letter she wrote to him, Phippen, upon that. I don't mind confessing that I blubbered like a baby over it, when they showed it to me. I should have married them at once the instant I read it, but old Frankland was a fidgety, punctilious kind of man, and he insisted on a six months' probation, so that she might be certain of knowing her own mind. He died before the term was out, and that caused the marriage to be put off again. But no delays could alter Rosamond—six years, instead of six months, would not have changed her. There she was this morning as fond of that poor patient blind fellow as she was the first day they were engaged. 'You shall never know a sad moment, Lenny, if I can help it, as long as you live,' those were the first words she said to him when we all came out of church. 'I hear you, Rosamond,' says I. 'And you shall judge me, too, doctor,' says she, quick as lightning. 'We will come back to Long Beckley, and you shall ask Lenny if I have not kept my word.' With that, she gave me a kiss that you might have heard down here at the vicarage, bless her heart! We'll drink her health after dinner, Miss Sturch—we'll drink both their healths, Phippen, in a bottle of the best wine I have in my cellar."

"In a glass of toast-and-water, so far as I am concerned, if you will allow me," said Mr. Phippen, mournfully. "But, my dear Chennery, when you were talking of the fathers of these two interesting young people, you spoke of their living as near neighbors here, at Long Beckley. My memory is impaired, as I am painfully aware; but I thought Captain Treverton was the eldest of the two brothers, and that he always lived, when he was on shore, at the family place in Cornwall?"

"So he did," returned the vicar, "in his wife's lifetime. But since her death, which happened as long ago as the year 'twenty-nine—let me see, we are now in the year 'forty-four—and that makes—"

The vicar stopped for an instant to calculate, and looked at Miss Sturch.

"Fifteen years ago, Sir," said Miss Sturch, offering the accommodation of a little simple subtraction to the vicar, with her blandest smile.

"Of course," continued Doctor Chennery. "Well, since Mrs. Treverton died, fifteen years ago, Captain Treverton has never been near Porthgenna Tower. And, what is more, Phippen, at the first opportunity he could get, he sold the place—sold it, out and out, mine, fisheries, and all—for forty thousand pounds."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Mr. Phippen. "Did he find the air unhealthy? I should think the local produce, in the way of food, must be coarse, now, in those barbarous regions? Who bought the place?"

"Leonard Frankland's father," said the vicar. "It is rather a long story, that sale of Porthgenna Tower, with some curious circumstances involved in it. Suppose we take a turn in the garden, Phippen? I'll tell you all about it over my morning cigar. Miss Sturch, if you want me, I shall be on the lawn somewhere. Girls! mind you know your lessons. Bob! remember that I've got a cane in the hall, and a birch-rod in my dressing-room. Come, Phippen, rouse up out of that arm-chair. You won't say No to a turn in the garden?"

"My dear fellow I will say Yes—if you will kindly lend me an umbrella, and allow me to carry my camp-stool in my hand," said Mr. Phippen. "I am too weak to encounter the sun, and I can't go far without sitting down. The moment I feel fatigued, Miss Sturch, I open my camp-stool, and sit down any where, without the slightest regard for appearances. I am ready, Chennery, whenever you are—equally ready, my good friend, for the garden and the story about the sale of Porthgenna Tower. You said it was a curious story, did you not?"

"I said there were some curious circumstances connected with it," replied the vicar. "And when you hear about them, I think you will say so, too. Come along! you will find your camp-stool, and a choice of all the umbrellas in the house, in the hall."

With those words, Doctor Chennery opened his cigar-case, and led the way out of the breakfast parlor.

WRECK OF THE NORTHERN BELLE.

[In the afternoon of January 5, 1857, the American ship *Northern Belle* cast anchor off the English coast in a terrible storm. She was in imminent peril of being driven ashore, and small vessels hovered around endeavoring to assist her. One of these, a Margate lugger, the *Victory*, was struck by a heavy sea, and went down at once, carrying her crew of nine men in full view of multitudes upon the shore. Near midnight the *Northern Belle* parted with her anchor, and was driven upon the rocks. Life-boats had meanwhile been dragged some miles overland, but so thick was the sleet and darkness that it was impossible to discover the position of the wreck. As soon as day broke, the crew, consisting of twenty-three men, were seen lashed to the rigging, where they had remained all the night. Two life-boats were immediately launched, and the crews, at the imminent risk of their lives, succeeded in saving all on board the wreck. A subscription has been got up among the Americans in England to reward the crews of the life-boats, and make provision for the families of those who were lost in the *Victory*.]

I.

WHAT tribute shall we give the brave
  Who fight the glorious fight,
Who stand or fall in freedom's cause
  Defenders of the right,
Who ward the blow that tyrants deal
  And vengeance they would wreak?
The meed they claim—the wreath of fame,
  The glory which they seek;
Living, th' applause of grateful crowds
  And pathways fresh with blooms;
And, when they die, the world's regret
  Emblazoned on their tombs.

II.

And what the tribute greater still
  We owe the humbler brave,
Who, though the light of glory shine
  Like sunlight on the wave,
Look up from sunlight to the sun,
  And see, through clouds afar,
The fairer ray, more bright than day,
  Of Duty's guiding star;
Who ask no recompense of men,
  To save a brother's life?
And shame by greater bravery
  The bravest deeds of strife?

III.

What shall we give them—souls sublime,
  Who in the stormy dark,
When frantic seas assault the shore,
  And whirl the helpless bark
On treacherous sands, hear far away,
  Amid the fitful gale,
The boom of guns, the seaman's cry,
  Or dying woman's wail,
Then launch their skiff, through blinding foam
  Of wild waves tempest-trod,
Their errand, Love; their only guides,
  Their own true hearts and God?

IV.

Heroes of Peace! No pomp of war,
  Or sound of fife and drum;
No splendor of the soldiers' craft,
  Or hope of joys to come,

Make quick their pulse with high resolve,
 Or nerve their honest hands;
They only feel that Mercy calls,
 And at its high commands
They look at peril face to face,
 With calm, untroubled eye;
And when it bursts, undaunted still,
 They meet it—and defy!

V.

What shall we give them? Honor? Fame?
 Ay, these, and something more—
The gratitude of free men's hearts,
 And tribute from their store;
Yet, not to satisfy a debt
 'Twould beggar gold to pay,
But, for example to the world,
 High gleaming to the day;
The gallant hearts—the hardy wights—
 Who, mid the foam and swell,
Made famous in all time to come
 The hapless "Northern Belle."

VI.

And those who died—the noble nine?—
 When pitying sighs are borne,
We'll not forget their orphan babes
 And widows left forlorn.
If nought can dry those widows' tears,
 And heal the wounded heart,
To help them in their hour of need,
 Let England do its part.
Small bounty—great in its intent—
 May light their household fires,
And teach their babes in future days
 To imitate their sires.

CHARLES MACKAY.

Jan. 14th, 1857.

NOTES ON THE ARTS AND SCIENCES.

PHOTOGALVANOGRAPHY is the name given to a scientific process which, it is said, will produce a revolution in art. It stands in the same relation to photography as printing does to manuscript. Given a photograph, which will last, perhaps, at the utmost, ten or a dozen years, and by the photogalvanographic process you may multiply copies of the original by millions, in a material which will last for centuries. Copies of Rembrandt's etchings, of Raphael's drawings, and others, have been made by the photogalvanographic process, and in every case the minutest line of the artist is reproduced with rigid fidelity. When it is considered that these may be multiplied *ad infinitum*, and sold at a price which will bring them within the reach of the humblest lover of art, it is impossible not to look forward most sanguinely to the effects of the new process on the progress of art-education.

ARSENIC.—The Palmer poisonings in England—accounts of which were so widely circulated here—have given an impetus to toxicological researches in Europe. Professor Otto, of Brunswick, contributes, in a recent number of a German philosophical journal, some new and curious particulars, not only in relation to strychnia, but to poisons generally. He has made a discovery in relation to the poison arsenic which is very interesting. Orfila at one time thought he had satisfactorily proved that arsenic was a normal constituent of the bones of man, an opinion which, if confirmed, would have gone far to render inoperative chemical testimony in relation to the unfair or criminal presence of that body. Orfila subsequently altered this opinion, but recent chemical investigations have demonstrated the presence of arsenic in sources where it would have been little suspected. Among others, that metal has been proved to exist invariably in the ochreous deposits which certain varieties of natural water throw down. Cognizant of this fact, Professor Otto thought of examining for arsenic the crust which had formed on the inside of his tea-kettle, and had not the slightest difficulty in demonstrating the presence of arsenic.

INTERESTING GEOGRAPHICAL DISCOVERY.—From the Russian storeship *Dwina*, which arrived in San Francisco on the 2d of January, some important information has been obtained. The *Dwina* was one of those vessels which so mysteriously escaped from the allied fleet in the Gulf of Tartary. Up to that time it was supposed that there was no outlet from the Gulf of Tartary to the Gulf of Saghalien. Indeed, Saghalien is described upon all maps and charts as a peninsula. The escape of the *Dwina* from the English fleet could not be explained except upon the hypothesis that the gulfs named were connected by a narrow channel, known only to the Russians. The fact is now established that such a channel exists, and that through it the *Dwina* escaped. It is extremely difficult to navigate, running, as it does, through the sand deposited at the mouth of the Amoor. The question, however, is definitively settled, and maps hereafter should represent Saghalien as an island instead of a peninsula.

A NEW SENSATION-DESTROYING AGENT.—The London papers publish an account, read before the Medical Society of that city, of some very interesting researches made by Dr. Snow into the anæsthetic or sensation-destroying power of a substance, which he has ascertained to possess properties similar to those of chloroform, and for which it might be substituted with advantage in surgical operations. The substance in question is amelyne, a highly volatile fluid, prepared chemically from fusel-oil. Dr. Snow stated that he had performed a number of experiments with it upon animals, and that he had also administered its vapor in above twenty operations in London hospitals with the most satisfactory results. The insensibility to pain was perfect, and in none of the cases was its use followed by sickness, sometimes a very disagreeable consequence of the administration of chloroform. The anæsthetic effects of amelyne are more transient than those of chloroform, which may, under certain circumstances, be an objection to it. It is not, therefore, likely that amelyne will supersede chloroform; but there is reason to expect that, in a considerable number of cases, it will be found to be a preferable anæsthetic.

TYPHOON IN THE PHILIPPINE ISLANDS.—The hurricane that, on the 27th of October last, devastated the Philippine Islands, was the most terrible typhoon that had ever occurred there within the memory of man. It lasted about seven hours, and, during that space of time, more than ten thousand houses were utterly destroyed within a circuit of about eight leagues around Manilla.

A CURIOUS ZOOLOGICAL IMPORTATION.—A late London paper speaks of the importation, by the West India mail steamer, of a curious animal, captured on the plains of Caraccas. In size, it is about as large as a squirrel. It is described as having a tongue and head like those of an ant-eater, and a tail like that of a monkey, by which it hangs to the branches of the trees. It is something like the opossum, and feeds on pine-apple, banana, and other fruits. It is spiteful, and not at all timid.

FOSSILS.—In one of the midland counties of England, an extraordinary bed of fossils has been accidentally discovered. They are pronounced to be marine vegetables—fungi, and algæ, and fuci. Their variety of shape is fantastic beyond description, and their number immense. Specimens have been submitted to competent examiners, who state that they are unlike any known fossils yet depicted or described in geological or botanical works, or any that have come under their observation before.

EARTHQUAKE IN CRETE.—A detailed official statement of the injury to life and property in Crete, from the earthquake which took place on the 12th of October last, has been received. The total number of buildings destroyed was 6512; the number injured, 11,317. The number of Ottomans wounded was 261, of Christians 376, being a total of 637; while the number of killed was 538, of whom 208 were Ottomans, and 330 Christians.

REMAINS OF A MASTODON.—A Quebec paper, of a recent date, notices the discovery in the vicinity of that city of some fossil remains of a monster animal, supposed to be those of a Mastodon. A tooth was found about seven or eight inches in length across the face, by four or five in width, and seemed to have been broken out of a jaw. There were also found, in the same spot, two enormous tusks, eight and a half feet from one end to the other, and curving back, so that the ends were nearly parallel; also two thigh bones three feet long, and an under jaw-bone over three feet long, several ribs from three to four feet in length from point to point, and six teeth, weighing six pounds or more each.

SCIENTIFIC EXPEDITION IN UPPER EGYPT.—A private letter from a traveler, recently returned from Upper Egypt, states, that the grand scientific expedition, under the direction of Count d'Escayrac, had been broken up in consequence of a discussion between the scientific members and their chief.

SNOW IN CALIFORNIA.—The heaviest snow-storm ever known in California—if not, in fact, the only one—occurred on Monday, the 29th of December last. The snow fell for an hour or two, and covered the summits of the hills in the vicinity of San Francisco to the depth of several inches.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

SINCE the Arrowsmith hoax has been exploded the English have been delighted to read, over a responsible name, that the printing establishment of *Harper & Brothers* had been destroyed by a New York mob, on account of that house having published a book reflecting injuriously upon the American people!

Old Mrs. Lawson was called as a witness. She was sharp and wide-awake. At last the cross-examining lawyer, out of all patience, exclaimed, "Mrs. Lawson, you have brass enough in your face to make a twelve-quart pail." "Yes," she replied, "and *you've got sauce enough to fill it*."

That was a noble toast which Mr. Bogert offered at the St. Nicholas dinner: "One people, one wife, one country, one destiny."

Three cheers for that, and a tiger too!

The English want to know if the President's Messages are to be sent by telegraph under the ocean at the same price with other "messages." If so, they think he will learn the value of words. It is understood, however, that the President's Messages are to be paid for at the other end of the line.

The finger of Galileo is shown under a glass case in the Florence Museum. It stands on a mysterious-looking bit of parchment, pointing toward heaven. The hand to which it belonged is supposed to have been put to torture by the Inquisition for ascribing motion to the earth, and the finger is now worshiped for having proved the motion.

St. Martin is one of the worthies of the Roman Calendar, and a form of prayer commences with the words, "O, mihi, beate Martine," which was corrupted into "My eye and Betty Martin."

Miss Tucker says it is with old bachelors as with old wool; it is hard to get them started, but when they do flame, they burn prodigiously.

"How do you know that that mummy was once the body of the real Nebuchadnezzar?"

"Because," said the exhibitor, "when we opened it the stomach was found full of green grass; and Nebuchadnezzar was the only gentleman we read of who lived on that food."

The politest gentleman we ever saw was a rural friend of ours, who, on passing a sitting hen, said, apologetically, "Don't rise, Madam."

"Pat, you have dated your letter a week ahead. It is not so late in the month by one week, you spalpeen!"

"Troth, boy, indade, an' it's jist mesilf that wanted sweet Kathleen to get it in advance of the mail: Shure, I'll not care if she gets it three days afore it is written, me darlint."

"Don't you think tight lacing bad for the consumption, doctor?" asked a young lady of her physician. "Not at all," said the doctor, "it is just what it feeds on."

One of the London papers proposes that the next British ship launched be named the *Hartstein*, in honor of the gallant American captain who has so handsomely discharged his duty in presenting the *Resolute* to the Queen.

The *Mirror* speaks of a boarding-house keeper who saves twenty per cent. of her income by telling the ladies at the breakfast table of an auction sale in the house of a bankrupt merchant up town. They can never eat a mouthful thereafter. Beginners in the art of boarding-house keeping will find it to their interest to follow copy.

Boy with ragged trowsers and rimless chip hat, runs into Dr. Fuller's drug store with a dipper in his hand. "Doctor, mother sent me down to the shoticary pop quicker'n blazes, cos bub's sick with the picken chox, and she wants a thimbleful of polly-gollic in this din tipper, cos we hadn't bot a gottle, and the kint pup's got the bine witters in't—Got any?"

An English friend remarked the other day that there was a storm brewing, as he looked up at the sky. "What kind of a storm do you think it will be?" "Well, I think a *'ail storm*."

The men all sign to the following sentiment: THE LADIES—May their virtues exceed the magnitude of their skirts, and their faults less than their bonnets.

NEW DEFINITIONS.—Transported for life: married happily—Imprisonment for life: married miserably.

The *Post* tells of a little boy who asked: "Mamma, is a *fortress* a she fort?" This is equal to the literalist who said that a woman was sometimes called a *mistress* to put a *stress* on what had been a *miss*.

It is much to be hoped that the Telegraph wire
About to be laid down, will not form a lyre
On which to strike discord 'twixt the Old World and New;
Though scarce can we hope all its Messages true,
For then t'other side would have nothing to do.

Miss *Steed* is very short, and having known Mr. *Curry* only a week, married him, whereupon Brown very irreverently remarked, that "a short *horse* is soon *curried*."

A dull, but would-be classical author, says, if a man had as many lives as a cat, nay, as many as *Plutarch*, he could not become great without labor! "Plutarch's lives" indeed!

Mrs. Howe's new volume of poems has found a highly appreciative critic, who says a "poem" called Sue is "highly significant and highly suggestive:"

She was a freak of nature's joy,
 A flow'ret wonder-pied,
As startling as a pansy formed,
 Black leaved and golden eyed.

Mrs. Saturn, one of the ladies-in-waiting upon the Sun, is said to have been the first lady who wore hoops. High authority for the fashion that, and the way men have been gazing at them for ever so many years, shows that they admire it.

A watchman is said to be a man employed by the corporation to sleep in the open air. It would be an improvement if the city would be careful to contract only with somnambulists.

A celebrated lawyer was having his head measured at a fashionable hat store the other day. The man remarked, "Why, how long your head is, Sir?" "Yes," said the lawyer, "*we* lawyers must have long heads." The man went on with his work, and soon exclaimed, "And it is thick as it is long, Sir!"

Not all we eat but what we digest does us good. So with reading.

Mr. Dobbin, Secretary of the Navy, made a journey North about two years ago. When he reached Portland, Maine, the telegraph announced his arrival as "Sec'y Dobbin;" this was soon by another transmission changed to "Stacy's Dobbin;" then to "the Steamer Dobbin;" then to "Sarah Dobbin." By the time the Secretary reached home he hardly knew his own name.

The Chinese have a proverb, that an unlucky word dropped from a tongue can not be brought back by a coach and six horses.

The fountain mingled with the river,
 The river with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix forever
 With a sweet commotion.
Nothing on the earth is single,
 All things, by a law divine,
In another being mingle,
 Why not I with mine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
 And the waves clasp one another;
No leaf or flower would be forgiven,
 If it disdained to kiss its brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
 And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
But what are all these kissings worth
 If thou kiss not me?

A learned German lecturer thus illustrates the glory of Science. "De ting that is *made* is more superior than the *maker*. I show you how in some tings. Suppose I make de round wheel of de coach. Ver' well; dat wheel roll round five hundred miles, and I can not roll one myself! Suppose I am a cooper, what you call, and I make de big tub to hold wine. He hold tuns and gallons, and I *can not hold more than five bottles!* So you see dat what is made is more superior dan de maker."

"Here's to our *absent-frinds*," said Paddy O'Brien. "I'm happy to see them *all present*."

Here is the last conundrum. "When the seven wise men of Greece met the Sage of Hindostan, what did they do? They eight saw sages; or, they ate sausages."

"Children should be seen and not heard," as the boy said when he had not learned his lesson.

When the humorous Judge Dawes was on the bench of the Supreme Court, in giving a charge to the jury he had occasion frequently to make use of the words *mortgagor* and *mortgagee*. The foreman of the jury asked the Judge the meaning of the words, candidly confessing he did not know their import. His Honor facetiously explained them thus:

I *nod* to you—you notice me,
I'm the *nod-or*, you the *nod-ee*.

Take the bright shell
 From its home on the lea,
And wherever it goes
 It will sing of the sea.

So take the fond heart
 From its home and its hearth,
It will sing of the loved
 To the ends of the earth.

A vessel returning from a long voyage went ashore in a gale. An Irish sailor being sent out on the bowsprit to clear away, called out to a fellow seaman, "Arrah, honey! come here and smell the primroses; I hain't been so far up the country these seven years."

Mr. Jones met Mr. Smith as he was going on board a steamer on the Mississippi, and asked, "Which way, Smith; up or down?" "That depends upon circumstances," remarked the latter; "if I get a berth over the boiler, I shall probably go *up*; if in the cabin, *down*." We have not heard from him since.

Lord Palmerston once, with that off-hand felicity
 Which belongs to his lordship in stating a case,
To a new definition of "dirt" gave publicity,
 As "nothing but matter left in the wrong place."

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Tuesday, Feb.* 3, 1857.

WE report the money market easy, without particular demand for accommodation. The Banks are gaining confidence, and a larger line of discounts is expected. But it seems to be generally understood, that all, or nearly all the available capital of the country will be absorbed, at least for some months to come, by the demands of legitimate trade. Speculative enterprises are likely to find the prosperity of the year no pledge of ease or encouragement for them. Stocks are dear. The Foreign trade shows an increase of imports over same week last year of near $600,000: the export for the week is over $100,000 short of that of same week last year. There is a liberal supply of cotton bills on the market: foreign bills may be quoted at 108¼ @ ½ on London, 5.23¾ @ ½ on Paris.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Tuesday, Feb.* 3, 1857.

The impediments to trade referred to in our last continued to hinder operations during the past week. The European market news of the week was unfavorable. This served to increase the dullness. Breadstuffs were tame, but prices of the leading articles varied little. The only noticeable changes were in Mixed Corn, which fell to 69 @ 72 c.; and Rye, which advanced to 96 c. @ $1 00 per bushel. Cotton opened very heavily, and declined, but the demand is again reviving, and prices are only ½ c. per pound lower than last week. Provisions are steadily improving. Mess Pork is now worth $20 25 @ $21 50; Prime Pork, $18 00; Country Mess Beef, $10 50 @ 13 00; do. Prime do., $9 50 @ $10 50; Prime Lard, in barrels, 13½ @ 13¾ c. per pound. Other commodities exhibited no important change.

The Live Stock Market was well supplied with Beeves, and Meat declined, on the average of the sales, ½ c. per pound. The quality of the supply was not so good as on several former market days. Milch Cows and Calves were sparingly offered and inquired for. No change in value. Veal Calves ranged from 5½ @ 8 c. per pound, with a supply inadequate to the wants of buyers. Sheep and Lambs were abundant, and generally 50 c. per head cheaper, though in pretty good demand. Swine were up to 9¾ @ 10¼ c. for dressed corn fed, per pound—with a scarcity and active demand.

The Country Produce Market was very quiet. The supply was curtailed, and prices were on the advance. The demand was light.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, common to fair, per barrel	$2 00	@	$5 00
" good to extra, per barrel	$5 00	@	$8 00
" Dried, State, per pound	9½	@	10½
" " Southern, per pound	6	@	9
Cranberries, per barrel	$11 00	@	$13 00
Dried Peaches, per pound	17	@	19
Hickory Nuts, per bushel	$2 00	@	—
Potatoes, per barrel	$1 75	@	$3 50
Onions, Red, per barrel	$2 50	@	$3 00
" Yellow, per barrel	$2 25	@	$2 50
" White, per barrel	$3 00	@	$4 00
" per 100 strings	$3 50	@	—
Washed Carrots, per barrel	$1 50	@	—
Beets, per barrel	$2 00	@	—
Parsnips, per barrel	$1 75	@	$2 00
Turnips, per barrel	$1 75	@	$2 25
Cabbages, per 100	$4 00	@	$8 00
Celery, per dozen	$1 00	@	$1 25
Garlic, per 100 bunches	$6 50	@	—
Butter, Western, per pound	14	@	21
" State, per pound	21	@	30
Cheese, State, per pound	11	@	12
Lard, per pound	13	@	13½
Roasting Pigs, each	$2 00	@	$4 00
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	30	@	31
" Limed, per dozen	26	@	26½
Fowls, per pound	9	@	16
Ducks, Domestic, per pound	14	@	18
Turkeys, per pound	9	@	15
Geese, per pound	7½	@	10
Pigeons, tame, per dozen	$1 50	@	$1 75
Quail, per dozen	$2 00	@	$2 25
Partridges, per pair	62½	@	75
Prairie Hens, per pair	62½	@	75
Rabbits, per pair	31	@	—
Hares, per pair	43¾	@	50
Venison, carcass, per pound	8	@	10
" saddle, per pound	11	@	13
Bear Meat, per pound	18	@	31